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Three Bellars a Year,

HOVEMBER.

BY ASTERY H. BALDWIN

- The brown nuts fall, the squirrel leaps Triumphant o'er the spoil; The russet dormouse hastes to join, And add his share of toil.
- nd we beneath the chestnuts stray, To catch the mellow shower, r pluck the rich chrysanthemum— king Autumn's fairest flower.

GENTLEMAN DICK:

The Cruise of the Dolphin!

CHAPTER X .- (CONTINUED).

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED).

The Dolphin had been bowling along rapidly, at her best speed, but she was in a variable climate now, and they could not know at what moment a storm would sweep the decks. The barometer had gone down suddenly, and a strange gray wall was creeping up from the east. No man knew better than Dan Forsythe the danger which was coming, and how to guard against it. Up went the topmen, and foremost among them Dick Fenton, whose station was in the main yard. Hoaring a quick breathing behind him, as he reached the top, he saw, instead of Tatty, the bruised face of Black Rodger.

the boy at a point which is only taken by the smartest men in the ship.

"Curse him," muttered the mate, as he looked up. "That young devil will come down alive. If he doos, I've half a mind to brain Black Rodger; ha."

He alone, among all those on the deck and in the rigging, saw Black Rodger stoop, and touch the foot-rope upsawhich Diok stood with the keen edge of his knife. It parted with a lond snap, and with a thrilling shriek, the boy fell.

He fell, but not to the deck, for the wind caught the swaying foot-rope and dashed it against his open hand as he dropped. He clutched it with a despairing grip, and behold this human atom dangling by a thread, as it were, a hundred feet above the see. What could he do to save himself?

Black Rodger retreated from the yard

do to save himself?

Black Rodger retreated from the yard and stood in the top, making no effort to aid him. Tatty was sliding down from the foretop, to which he had been sent by the mate, and was crossing the deck rapidly, when Forsythe stopped him.

"Where are you going?" he cried.
"To save that boy," replied the island prince, pointing at the dangling form aloft. "To save him, or kill Black Rodger."

alort.

"What can you do ?"

"I can help him."

"A tornado is ou us; back to your

"A tornado is ou us; back to your duty, or I will kill you like a dog."
"None of that," cried a voice in his uar. "Aloft there, if you will, Tatty, and save that hor."

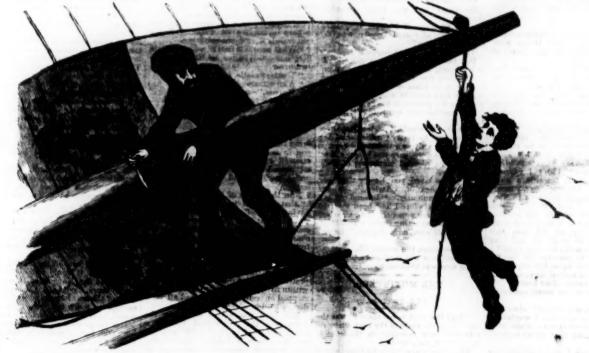
and save that boy."

The person who had interfered was the only man on board the ship who had the right to do so, Captain Manning!

Tatty needed no second bidding, but went up the rigging with furious speed, eager to be of service, but he did not arrive in time.

eager to be of service, but he did not arrive in time.

Dick found the trapezse exercise, which he had delighted in practicing in the gymnasium, of infinite service in this hour of peril. Grasping the rope above his head with a firm clutch, he raised himself higher, and held himself in that position by the sheer power of the muscles of his strong right arm, while with his left he passed the dan-



He clutched the rope with a despairing cry, and hung daugling by a thread, as it were, a hundred feet above the seaf

harpooner stopped and drew a pistol.
"Come back!" he sereamed. "If you set a foot on that yard, you are dead."
"I want to save him!" shricked Black
Rodger. "Can't you let me save the ship rushed on before the mighty gale.

The Dolphin had been bowling along rapidly, at her best speed, but she was in a variable climate now, and they could not know at what moments a storm would sweep the decks. The barometer had gone down suddenly, and a strange gray wall was creeping up from the east. No man knew better than Dan Park the would have been code clough to attempt to guard against it. Up went the top men, and foremost among them Dick Penton, whose station was in the main yard. Hearing a quick breathing behind him, as he reached the top, he saw, in stead of Tatty, the bruised face of Black Rodger.

"What are you doing here?" he cried, in an angry ton. "This is Tatty's the made a knot which in an angry ton. "This is Tatty's the made a knot which in an angry ton. "This is Tatty's the went to do the foot-rope, and I saw him doubt the foot-rope him him, the fine him the saw had been with the foot-rope, and I saw him doubt the foot-rope had been and he foot the saw and would have been code clough to such the foot-rope, and I saw him doubt the foot rope will have been code cloud to the foot-rope, and I saw him doubt the foot and him the saw him the sould have the foot-rope, and I saw him doubt the foot and him the saw had been with the saw for the value of the foot rope him the foot put

k that?"

"Because these half-Indian Brazllians hope that this black-straged Gaucho e mighty handy with their knives, and may make surer work than Black Hodger and going into this wine shop. It won't healthy for them to pitch into me."

He turned into a wine shop, and in strength to defeat me. Will be conquer

The man hissed out a Spanish execution. He was brave enough, in his way, but the harpoon did not suit him.

"Have your own way, my friend," the mate said. "If you do not care to do the job, I will find some one else."

"No, senor; when liamon Diax undertakes a job, you may regard it as done. How long do you stay in port?"

"Only two days."

"That will do; I will answer for it that the work shall be thoroughly done."

"Very good; here are five doubloons, and when you have done the work, you may apply to me for five more."

The dark hand of the Gaucho closed quickly upon the money, and with a

The dark hand of the Gaucho closed quickly upon the money, and with a hasty farewell, he guiped down another glass of wine, and left the place, white for systhes at there, knitting his brows fiercely, and trying to keep down his own rebellious heart.

"I was not always such a villain," he said, "but fate has made me what I am."

He deceived himself. Fate has nothing to do with the good or evil deeds of men, but those who are guilty love to have a scapegoat upon which to lay their crimes.

"The boy is a brave one," thought Forsythe. "If he had lived, what a gallant man he would make, and what a noble sailor. When I compare him with his brother, who so basely sold him to death, I wouder that I am the willing tool of such a man. But I must have this money, come what will. I only hepe that this black-visaged Gaucho may make surer work than Rich Melevis and the story and whirled him, shricking for merry, also we from the hard. Tatty feit and the way may in, while the blows of Dick. Heis rain.

But the Gaucho had a hard head and struggled up from the floor, a knife in stright hand gleaming in the light of the imps. Thus armed, he sprang saddenly forward, and raised the heavy blade above his head, designing to drive it to the hit between the shoulders of the harpooner.

There is said to be a magnetic force passing from one man to another through the eye which warns a man of approaching danger. Some such force as this caused the stout harpooner to drop suddenly for mere, and trained have he heavy blade above his head, designing to drive it to the hit between the shoulders of the harpooner.

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There is said to be a magnetic force passing from one man to another through the heavy which warns a man of approa

a blow of the same kind, which brought him down across his own table, bottles and glasses giving way as he fell. Upaprang the Gaucho, with a murderom-looking knife in his hand, and sprang at Tatty; but was met by the bread binde of the harpoon and forced backward.

"Stern all?" cried Tatty, as if he had just struck a whale. "No playing with edged tools, my aweet youth. Back into the corner, Dick, and get out your pistols, for you may have to use them."

The two stepped back swiftly, and reached a little above, in which stood a single table. The entrance to this place was so narrow that a resolute man, armed as Tatty was, could hold it against a hundred. Twice the Gaucho tried to advance, but as often leaped back out of reach, when Tatty thrust at him with the harpoon. Just behind the stout sailor, holding a cocked pistol in each hand, but reserving his fire for the last extremity, stood Dick Fenton.

"Whoop!" cried Tatty. "Why don't you come on, you black-mussled thief? I'm waiting, I'm anxious to hear from you."

The Gaucho shouted a lond order, and

I'm waiting, I'm anxious to hear from you."

The Gaucho shouted a lond order, and five of his men daried out at the back door. Dick was not a good Spanish-student, but he made out a single word, which made him turn his head and he saw a large latticed window behind him, and close beside it the stout wooden har with which it was fastened at night.

"Keep the entrance clear, Tatty," he cried. "I'll take care of the window."

He pushed the table saide and laid his pistols upon it, snatching up the wooden har as he did so. He was just in time, for a dark hand was laid upon the lattice and tore it away, and a head was thrust in. The wooden bar descended with a dull shad, and shad head was removed.

"Give them Bunker Hill?" shouted Tatty, as he heard the blow. "Do you want say help?"

"No, no; I can take care of this."

The Gaucho and his three remaining friends made a rush at Tatty, who saw that pacific measures were at an end. Still hedid not wish to kill them, although he knew that they sought his life; and turning the harpoon in his hand be struck a sweeping blow at the head of the Gaucho, which brought him to the floor. Two more stunning blows and the other party, with bleeding heads, were trying to force their way in, while the blows of Dick Fenton fell like rain.

But the Gaucho had a hard head and struggled up from the floor, a knife in his right hand gleaming in the light of the harpooner.

There is said to be a magnetic force the harpooner.

for mercy, above his head. Tatty felt all the wild blood of his heathen mother stir in his veins, and for a moment he hesitated with the writhing form of the Gaucho held above his head. Then, with a flerce laugh, he hurled him headwith a Berce laugh, he hursed min head-long at the men crowding in at the open-window, knocking them in every direc-tion. Before they could recover, the guardas rushed into the wine shop, led by the waiter girl, and the Yankee sailors

CHAPTER XII. THE MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

THE MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

The Dolphin had left the port of Rio, and was off the "Horn," where she had been for fourteendays. Every morning, when he came on deck, Dick had seen that rocky headland bared against the sky, apparently in the same position in which he had seen it upon the first day, when they sighted it. "Doubling the Horn" is tedicus work, beating against a baffling head wind, scarcely seeming to gain a mile after a long stretch to the south, and it bothered the boy.

"We'll never double that cape," said Dick, angrily. "There it is, as bold and black as it was two weeks ago. I tell

Dick, angrily. "There it is, as bold and black as it was two weeks ago. I tell you that this ship is like the Flying Dutchman, and we must sail about these seas until the timbers rot under our feet."

"It always worries the boys to double

"It always worries the boys to double the Horn," said Tatty, with his hearse inugh. "Don't you fool yourself, my boy. Wast until we go about again, and you will see something new."

The order came and the men sprang to their work with a will, for they knew that the time had come. The great ship felt the belm, the prow slowly recoded, and with loud huzzas they cleared the Horn, and were raine and falling upon

Horn, and were rising and falling upon the long swell of the South Pacific. Forsythe had changed his tactics. He had failed twice, once when his Gaucho had failed twice, one when his Gaucho tool was beaten, and again when Dick-fell from the yard, on the day when the knife of Black Rodger sewered the foot-rope. He became very friendly wish

glad if you are dead."
"What are you jawing about, there in
the foretop?" growled a voice below
them. They looked down and saw the

"Be lively."
nce is the first law on board was a vacancy in the atmosphere lately occupied by Tatty, and be slid to the deek.

"What do you see so enticing about that young whelp?" demanded the mate.

"You fight for him like a tiger for her

cubs."
"I'd do as much for any messmate,
Mr. Farsythe," replied Tatty. "It is a
way we old tars have, if you only knew

"I suppose you are right," replied the mate, grimly. "I dipped my hand in the tar bucket a good many years ago, and learned the ropes. Now I want to ask you a single question, and I want you to answer it like a man. If it was a question which you would side with, that boy or myself, which would you stand by ?"

Tatty was silent, but be looked at the

Tatty was silent, but be looked at the enate in a strange, intent way.

"Why don't you answer?"

"It ain't a fair deal," said Tatty, quietly, "and I ain't going to answer any such question, if I can help it."

"Take care," said Fornythe, with a threatening look. "I won't take any impudence from you."

"I don't mean to be impudent, Mr. Fornythe, I'll say as much as this, since you will have an answer: I love that boy better than anything on earth, and I'd kill any man that tried to wrong him?"

"You would?"

"You would?"

"Yes I would, Mr. Forsythe. Bear in mind that I've got some of the old heathen blood in me, and we love and hate strong. That loy is a good, plucky one, and has the making of a man in him. More than that, he was kidnapped on board this ship by some one that wants him to come to harm, and I'll help him thereps."

him through."
Foreythe grasped an iron belaying pin firmly, and made a movement as if he would raise it. Tatty crouched like a tiger abent to spring, and his huge fists were tightly clemched, while the wild light given by his Maori blood flashed from his even.

the given by me om his eyes.
"I've half a mind to give you one for not speech, Tatty," and Forsythe.
"I wouldn't, if I was you," replied to teland prince, quietly. "Better for Forsythem. "I wouldn't, if I was you, represented in the island prince, quietly. "Better for both of us if you hold your hand. For twenty years I have sailed upon these eas; I have obeyed orders, and no man ever struck me a blow. I beg you not to do it now, for I can't answer for myself."
Forsythe burst into a hearty laugh, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of

harpsoner. Pahaw, old man; do you think I am

"Pshaw, old mat; do you think I am such a fool as to quarrol with you? I don't care how close you atick to the boy, but one thing I will say, you are decrived in him, and one of these days you will find it out."

"I don't think so, Mr. Forsythe," re-plied Tatty. "I think he is going to be a man worth knowing."

"You may go."

be a man worth knowing.

"You may go."

The harposner moved away quickly, and again mounted the ratims, when Forsythe again called to him.

"Don't repeat what I have said," he.

cried, looking up.
"All right, sir; not this time, if you

wish it."
The starboard watch went below at time, and Dick, twelve o'clock, shore time, and Dick, who was very tired, turned in at once. Tatty sat by his bunk and smoked a pipe, and when he knocked out the ashes

who was very tired, turned in at once.

Tatty sat by his bunk and smoked a pipe, and when he knocked out the ashes the lad was asleep. The giant harpooner arose, and looked at him with an earnest glance, as he lay there with his head pillowed on his arm, his curls clustered about his noble young face.

"Forsythe lies when he says that the boy is a had one," he muttered, in an angry tone. "And I'll stand by Gentle."

So Charles Stapylton went away, trying to nerve himself to think that all was fire the head.

man Dick while I have a log to stand on.
I wonder where in thunder that Black
Bodger west that day; I'll pay him off if
the beautiful that her harmings.

He divested himself of his clothing and sprang into his bunk, and was soon asleep. But Tatty slept with one eye open, and the lightest step would always arouse him, no matter how tired he was. His strange bedfellow, the harpoon, was lying by his side, against the builkhend; for nighter day, except when going aloft, the weapon never left him. weapon never left him.

He awoke with a start, and realized

for night or day, except when going aloft, the weapon never left him.

He awoke with a start, and realized the fact that some one was creeping about in the forecastle. By the dim light of the lantern it was impossible to make out who it was, but Tatty supposed that it was one of the "port" watch who was "soldiering," or in other words, had sneaked off the deck to skep. This aroused the ire of the old salt, who could not bear anything like a man who would dedge his duty. Still lying quietly in his bunk, he waited. The man, who-ever it was, crept with a stealthy step from bunk to bunk, and his atrange actions began to puzzle the harpooner.

"He wants to steal something," he thought. "Tobacco, maybe."

If the strange man was after tobacco, he was looking for it in queer places. He stopped at every bunk, and looked closely into the faces of the men who lay there. They were all asleep, and he passed on to the one occupied by Tatty, who at once dropped back and snored houly, while he heptoneeye partly open and fixed inimitly upon the face of the introder. He seemed to besinke as he heard the harpooner snore, but upon second thought, he came nearer. A sound on deck startled him, and he sprang back toward the companion, and Tatty heard a low veice eng: "All right; go ahead."

"Ottaling, sh!" thought Tatty. "One to watch and the other to do the trick; I'll see what I can do."

The introder again apprecabed the back, and Tatty was once more sound notes. For a moment the stranger steed over him, and the eyes of the harpooner were tightly closed, for he dared not keep them open now. Again the

If would be also be have a sual lover, "
uid Dairy Herrita.
"Well, thest, bear's one as year actio," retorted Charley Stappiton, with
love bow.

Miss Hewitt?"
"Because," said Daisy, "I've known you all my life, and I should as soon think of making a lover out of yonder old clock on the stairs, that has stood ticking there for fifty years."

Charles Stapylton tried to laugh, but it was evident that he was a little mettled.

nettled.

"I am not riigible to the position, then?" questioned he.

"No," said Miss Daisy, in all good faith. "My idea of a lover is something tall, and dark, and dangerously interesting; some one with a history; some one, for instance, with a little flush of color mantling his cheek, like Kenneth Crofton."

"Humph!" commented Charles Stapylton. "I presume Kenneth Crefton has a history, if one could get at his credi-

"Now you are stooping to the unworthy

"Now you are stooping to the unworthy passion of jealousy," said Daisy, with dignity. "Charley, I thought better of you than that."

She went back into the house, her yellow curls shimmering an instant in the sunny doorway, her white dress fluttering about her like the vaporous masses of a summer cloud, and Stapylton went away with a slow, unclastic step.

masses of a summer cloud, and Stapylton went away with a slow, unclastic
step.

"What a superb specimen of the
genus donkey I am," he muttered
between his his set teeth, as he stalked
along, twitching furiously at his moustache. "Can't I os much as speak to her
without vexing her? Can't I exercise
ordinary magnanimity towards a more
fortunate rival? Although, in my innormost heart, I believe Kenneth Crofton
to be a villain. I district his smooth
accents, his ready speech, his conventional smile. And it is very hard that,
after loving Daisy all my life, this
stranger is to walk coolly in, and bear
away the prize beneath my very eyes."

But although he resolved for the fature to put a bridle upon his impedicaips, his resolution melted into empty air
within the next wenty-four hours.

"Ob. Charley, is that you?" she cried.

"Oh, Charley, is that you?" she cried, gleefully. "The very one I wanted to see. Can you reach that exquisite little tuft of maidenshair that grows high up

yonder ledge?"
"Daisy, I think I could achieve any task you were to set me," he answered, fervently.

He swung himself up the steep accliv-

He swung himself up the steep acclivity, and reached down the nodding plume of slender-stommed forms.

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said Daisy, arranging the leaves with a caressing touch.

But Stapplton stood beside her.
"Daisy, did you really mean that yesterday?"

"Did I really mean what?" she questioned, with him, untilted ever of inno-

cent surprise.

"That—that you never could look upon me in the light of a possible "Charley, don't be a goose. Is this a

"Charley, don't be a goose. Is this a masquerade or a practical joke?"
"Neither, Daisy. Only I love you."
"Then you are a fool for your pains," said Daisy, impatiently. "When you might have known that——"
"That what, Daisy?"
His eyes we've glittering now, with suppressed light, his brow darkened.
"That I was engaged to Kenneth Crofton."

Crofton."
"Dainy!"

was for the best.

His daisy-blossom was gathered by another man's hand, and he tried to rejoice in her happiness. But he could not.

Human nature was too much for him.

He felt towards Crofton as Cain of old

ile felt towards Crofton as Cain of old might have felt towards Abel.

"I can't stay to see her married to him," he thought. "I had better go away before I commit myself by some exceptionally outrageous piece of folly." So he went to New York. Went thither just in time to take part in a speculation which made him a wealthy man in a comparatively brief in-terval of time.

wealthy man in a comparatively brief in-terval of time.

The acquisition of gold has a wonder-ful influence on the nature of man.

Perhaps it helped to deaden the dull pain in Charles Stapylton's heart sconer

pain in Charles Stapylton's heart sooner than anything else could have done. It was a bleak December night, five years after, with gusts of occasional snow hurrying through the streets, and the lamps flickering dimly in the wind, when a lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, stopped at the door of a superb mansion at the corner of two of the most

veiled, stopped at the door of a superb mansion at the corner of two of the most prominent streets.

"Has Mr. Stapylton returned yet?"
"Just come," said the servant, indifferently. "But he's very tired, and very busy. Better call again. It ain't likely he il bee anybody to-night."

"He will see me," said the lady, in a low, firm voice, as she drew out a oard, and penciled two words upon it. "Take this card to him without delay."

The man stared, but obeyed, and presently returned.

"You're to walk in, ma'am, please."
And forthwith he ushered the mysterious stranger into a small reception-room, farmished in blue relvet and gold, and mirrors gleaming all around.

In the middle of the room, at an inlaid deak, sat a gentleman, in whose grave, care-lined face and hair slightly "sprinhed with gray," it would scarcely be say to recognise our old friend, Charley Stapylton.

"Dainy, is it you?" he asked, with outstretched hand.

"Daier"
"Be sheat and how we. They have
the year of the frequency on the
hands and the forger is detected?"
"Ya."
"And that the forger is detected?"
"Certably."
"But have they told you of the criminal's name?" she failured.
"No, exerty, Daiey," he mentiered,
with a strange light of comprehension
dawning over his face.
"It is my husband! Oh, Charles
Stappiton, you know my errand now. It
is to beg, to plead that you will be mereiful to us, as you one day expect merey
to be shown to yourself at the Eternal
Throne. It is not that I longer care for
him," she added, with a choking sob in
her throat. "The spark of love died
out long ago, on the altar of my heart.
I discoupted my delusion when the
orange blossoms of my bridal wreath
were fairly withered. But I have some
pride left—and to see my husband condemned to a felon's doom would kill me,
I believe. You alone can save me,
Charles, by putting a stop to these legal I believe. You alone can save me, Charles, by putting a stop to these legal proceedings. Will you do it—for my sake?"

I will do it for your sake, Daisy." She bent her head over his hand. He could feel the tears dropping

He could feel the tears uropping there.

"Oh, Charley, if I could only have known then all that I know now! Oh, Charley, Charley!"
That was all. They parted.
But the next day, with a great thrill at his heart, Mr. Stapylton, the banker, heard that the forger had committed suicide in his place of confinement, during the very hour in which his wife was pleading for pardon in his behalf.
The pardon had come, but it was too late.

A year afterwards, Charles Stapylton A year afterwards, Charles Stapylton was married to Daisy Crofton—and her past became only as a troubled dream.

"You are quite sure you love me now, Daisy?" he pleaded on the eve of their bridal day.

"I have loved you longer than you have any idea of, Charley," she answered, tremulously. "I found out my fatal mistake before I had been married to—to that man a month. Ob. Charley.

o-to that man a month. Oh, Charley, believe I was acting under a spell!"
"It is all over now, dearest," he an-

wered.
And so began the second life.
The old love was dead and sepulchered.
the new was blossoming out.

THE MUTINEERS.

"Man the mast-heads there!" was the order from the mate of the Statesman, on a bright, clear morning in the tropical latitudes of the Pacific.

The order was obeyed by those whose turn it was to take the first look-outs of the morning. But the youngster whose station was in the fore to gallant cross-trees paused in the foretop, and threw a rapid glance round the horison.

"Sail on the weather bow!" he reported. "A boat with sail set, coming right at us."

The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the

The announcement caused a stir at once on deck, and brought not only the captain, but all the watch below up. The all-important morning duty of washing off decks was suspended for the time being, to gaze upon the unwonted spectacle of a whale-beat alone upon the ocean, coming to board us in the morning, like the veritable barber—Neptune, of equatorial notoriety.

torial notoriety.

The boat was not more than a couple The boat was not more than a couple of miles from us when first discovered, approaching swiftly under the combined power of sail and oars. The captain's telescope was brought to bear, and it was soon ascertained that she had, at least a full crew. We backed the maintopsail, and hore to, waiting impatiently to know more, and making various shrewd guesses and speculations as to her history and character.

and specuration character.

"They've lowered for whales, and got lost from their ship," suggested one.

"Likely enough," returned another.

"The captain makes out sight men in her," said a cozswain, coming from

aft.

Here was a new phase of the matter, and our theory was blown to the four winds. Nobody would lower in pursuit

boal. "Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea, and some of her boats lost with her."

But we were not kept long in suspense But we were not kept long in suspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it, and leaped in on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the whole story—a parody on the old one of Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson,

Bligh and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the barque Newcastle, of Sydney, who had been set adrift the day before, by mutineers. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned, and carried into execution while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the barque down among the Marshall Is-lands, and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new au-thority, was more than the captain could

thority, was more than the captain could tell.

"And how far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bent.

"I have steered west-north-west, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due east from us."

"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin,

come satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first gray light of morning showed up the barque—

recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel—running down acques our course.

"Of courses he won't mea accur us if he can help it," and Watson.

"No, Purpose he will avoid us; but I am color to already.

"Now I think of R," said the mate of the Rewardte, "I think I know his ob-ject. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and

will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms."

"You've hit it," returned the captain.

"That must be McGregor's object. There isn't much tobacco on board, and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces, when they came on deck and took the mates juto their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The barque's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her, that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating. "What barque is that?" asked Captain Ben, innocently, after he had given his own name.

wn name.
"The Newcastle, of Sidney."

"The Newcastle, of Stdney."
"Who commands her!"
"Watson," was the reply.
"One of my men had his leg broken,
yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I
would like to get the services of your
surgeon."

"Certainly. I'll come aboard, and bring the ductor with me. I wish to see you to trade with you." And with a farewell wave of a trumpet, as the vessel passed out of hearing, he luffed to under our lee, and then lowered his

Now the doctor of the Newcastle was at that moment in our own cabin, he having been set adrift in the boat with the captain; but McGregor would, of course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men

course, bring some one to personate the character. This would take seven men from her crew; and it was also certain that he would man his boat with his choice spirits, for if he brought any doubtful or lukewarm ones, they might prattle. We had our instructions, and within five minutes after the seven men stepped on our deck, they had all been decoyed below and quietly secured.

The boat was veered astern by the warp, and the maintopsail filled on a wind, just as if we had made arrangements for a day's "gam," according to the frequent usages of whale-ships on cruising ground. Of course our partner followed our lead, keeping company with us all day, without the least suspicion. The remainder of our plan to regain possession of the ship could only be carried out under cover of darkness.

McGregor and his associates in crime were ironed and placed in the run for safe keeping. After dark we hove to and set a light in the rigging, which was at once answered, by another from the Newcastle, as she closed with us and lay under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge

and set a highword, by another from the Neccastic, as she closed with us and by under our lee.

Away went a boat from us in charge of our mate, with a picked crew, while a short distance astern of her followed another, with Captain Watson and his whole party. The ruffian who was in charge of the barque, calling himself, and the property of the property of the barque, calling himself, and the property of the barque, and this should be party. The ruffian who was in the property of the barque, calling himself, and the property of the barque, calling himself, and the property of the barque, and the property of the barque and tobacco, and that our mate had been an alaborate coffiture.

Suspecting nothing, be invited his visitor below, the past grain for a quantity of guidenty and the property of t

APPEABANCES.—If we examine closely into the causes of our happiness, we shall find that appearances play no inconsiderable part among them. To live utterly regardless of the impressions made upon others would be to sink far below the present stage of civilization, and to banish many prevailing moral influences, that exert a vast power for good. The wise man, therefore, in guarding himself and others against the abuses that come from indiscriminate had excessive love of display, will be careful not to condemn it—a condemnation that commonly fails on account of its manifest injustice. There is usually an habitual identification of pleasant appearances with the realities they personate, and this increases faith in their importance. There is sometimes morality as well as expediency in a regard for appearances; but where so many err is in having too much regard for them, and in neglecting the proper balance between that and higher motives.

The great source of pleasure is variety.

The great source of pleasure is variety.
We love to expect; and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want
to be again expecting.

A CHILD rightly brought up is like a willow branch which, broken off and couching the ground, takes root and flourishes in any part of the earth.

THERE are persons who are never abreast of the age; they dive into the stream of the past and never come up-again—their beads stick in the mud.

PICTURES.

BT 4. R. B.

down the holida; orook among the feils, prois and shallows:

FACE TO FACE:

SINNING FOR HER SAKE! BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 2, Vol. 54. Hack numbers can be obtained from all news-desiers throughout the United States, or direct from this diffice.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LINA STRUGGLES WITH PATE No sooner had Mr. Carthen spoken those momentous words, that bound him to Lady Clementina as closely as an oath, than she tottered to her feet, bewildered, stunned, harely conscious, with only one sense, as it were, and that exquisite joy, but blunted somehow by the nearness of the danger, the keenness of the risk, she had just passed through victorious.

She stumbled out of the room, she hardly knew how, and found herself in the darkness, her hand clutching tight hold of the casket containing her locket. The air was cold, the wind strong; and it seemed to revive Lady Clementina as it passed over her burning brows.

The air was cold, the wind strong; and it seemed to revive Lady Clementina as it passed over her burning brows.

"Mine!" she muttered; "mine! Lina is disposesased at last! Even if she will not marry the marquis, she cannot marry Mr. Carthen now. He belongs to me, and will not dare draw back from his given word. "Who could have dreamt, a fortnight back, when I was so near despair, that there would come such a glorious victory as this?"

It was not often Lady Clementina wept; but the reaction, after the past excitement, left her so weak, that she sat down on a bank and cried like a child.

But not for long. She was not the kind of person to indulge her feelings. They might take her unawares; but she soon conquered them—beat them down under her feet, and stamped on them remoreslessly.

The dinner hour at the Park was sight.

soon conquered them—beat them down under her feet, and stamped on them remorselessly.

The dinner hour at the Park was eight o'clock; and it would not do for her to be late, as the Marquis of Dawford was to be there. So Lady Clementina ran most of the way home, and was fortunate enough to reach her own room unperceived, close upon a quarter to eight.

Her things were all laid out ready; but her maid, having waited in vain for her young mistress to appear, had evidently gone down stairs again.

A sharp jerk of the bell brought her back, breathless.

"Quick, Anne!" said Lady Clementina, "I have only ten minutes to dissa in, and you must do the best you can in that time. Arrange my hair as simply as you like, only be quick."

Anne set to work with a very discontented face, looking exceedingly as if she would like to grumble, if she dared. But the effect of the labor was more satisfactory than it might have been if she had taken all the pains in the world.

But the effect of the labor was more satisfactory than it might have been if she had taken all the pains in the world.

Lady Clementina's features were almost perfect; and her black hair only needed something in front, and twisting into a coil behind, to suit her better than an elaborate coiffure.

"What jewels, my lady?" said Anne, as she drew out the soft folds of her lemon-colored crape skirt, so as to make it fall more gracefully.

Lady Clementina had been threading her precious locket on a piece of black velvet; and this she bade Annie tie round her neck, in a loose bow.

"Shall I get you some bracelets, my lady?"

the door, and he bowed himself out.
Lina then retired, after kissing her mother and father, according to her custom.
When she got to her own chamber, she
dismissed her maid, and drawing an armchair up to the fire, sat down to think.
She had fancied, all the evening, that
there was something odd in her sister's
manner—a kind of veiled triumph and
received that Line believed that Ladmanner—a kind of veiled triumph and passionate joy. Lina believed that Lady Clementina loved Mr. Carthen, and was willing to resign her own claim, if it were necessary to the other's happiness; but to have the choice taken away from her by his cruel desertion, wounded her pride as much as it touched her heart. It was almost a relief to think now of his going abroad. She could not even look out of her window without seeing his house, and being reminded of him. But when the Hall was shut up, and they themselves had gone to town, it might not be altogether so hard to bear.

In the midst of these reflections, the door opened suddenly, and Lady Clementina came in. She had exchanged her

In the midst of these reflections, the door opened suddenly, and Lady Clementina came in. She had exchanged her evening dress for a loose white prigner; but even over this abe wore the diamond locket, and as it glistened against her smooth, white throat, it seem d to faccinate and fix Lina's eyes.

"Who gave you that?" ahe said, presently. "It is very pretty."

"Gave me what?" inquired Lady Clementina, pretending not to understand what her sister meant.

"The locket you are wearing to Look; and don't you recognize that

ourse."

Blut who is the original ?"

Mr. Carthen."

Lina felt herself turn very pale, but the forced herself to say:

"Did he give you the looket, then?"

"He did."

"He did."
"When?"
"This evening."
"These you were with him this evening?"
"Assuredly, for about two hours; and you will be glad to hear that he is recovering, although still very weak."
"I should not have fancied that you would have none to him. Clementina." would have gone to him, Clement "Why not?"

"Because you would not even allow me to speak to him one day as he passed."
"That is quite a different thing."

"That is quite a different thing."
"I don't see how."
"In the first place, he had not shown me every sign of friendship one day, and forsaken me the next without a word. In the mext, I went to see him under peculiar circumstances—the only circumstances, indeed, that would have excused, such an act on my part, or that of any other lady."
"You mean that he was so ill?"
"You are too enigmatical for me," said Lina, almost angrily for her. "If you want me to understand you, you must really speak out."
"You won't be shocked?" said Lady Clementina, with affected sympathy, and the keenest enjoyment of the situation.
"Why should I be shocked?"

"Why should I be shocked?"

"Because you seemed to be so sure at one time that he preferred you."
"And I believe it still."

one time that he preferred you."

"And I believe it still."

"It is very strange, if so, that he should have engaged himself to me!"

"To you?"

"She could not have added another word to save her life, but she sat staring at her sister like one distraught.

"Ah, I always fancied it would end so myself. If it had not been for you, he would have declared himself before, I have no doubt."

"I tell you what," said Lins, de-

would have declared himself before, I have no doubt."

"I tell you what," said Lina, decidedly. "If Mr. Carthen has really engaged himself to you, he is a false-hearted, bad man, and utterly unworthy of a woman's love. I never told you all, Clementina, but you must know that he sought me in every way, and tried by acts of daily devotion to win my love. His first glance, on entering a room, was for me, and his last on quitting it was from me still. The place at my side he claimed by right; and if he took my hand, it seemed as if he could hardly bear to part from it again. The choicest flowers in his green-house he brought me to put in my bouquet, or to adorn my room; and the book he had read with pleasure, I must also read. You may say what you like, he may have grown cold since, but he loved me then."
"He looked upon you as a child, Lina, and he fancied there could be no danger of your misunderstanding his intentions."
"There was no fear of that; they

tions."
"There was no fear of that; they were too evident. Ask Wilfred; he saw a good deal, and he is a man himself, and should know what was meant." self, and should know what was meant."
"There has been a mistake, Lina, for Mr. Carthen asked me this evening to be his wife, and solemnly declared that he had loved me all along. He gave me this locket, which had once belonged to his mother, in token of his sincerity; and, moreover, he introduced me to Dr. Rebinson as his future wife."
"Very well" answered Lina coddly.

"I should have fancied, on the contrary, it was impossible to help liking him. His manners are most affable and

"But he has such cruel, cold eyes!
His look freezes all the warm blood in one's veins."
"Then it must have had quite a different effect upon you from what it was intended to have," answered Lady Clementins, with an amused laugh. "He has complained that you were so icy, Lina, complained that you were so icy, Lina, and hoped that his fiery glances might melt you."

and hoped that his fiery glances might melt you."

"I fancy he will discover that he has misjudged me somewhat."

"I shall have a very poor opinion of you if he has, Lina. I may as well tell you that candidly. "Mr. Carthen should not be able to boast that we were as keeping single for his sake. You will make him vain. In all our little quarrels, he will be sure to remind me that he might have had you if he had chosen."

Poor Lina turned actually scarlet.

"He would surely be ashamed to say that, after his conduct; and, moreover, you would not, of course, allow such a thing to be said in your presence."

"I could not help it. It is man's habit to boast of such things."

"No true man would, Clementina."

"I don't know; I have always haard

you praise Mr. Carthen as a model of all virtues; and, certainly, dearly as I love him. I must own that he did not speak of you to-night as I consider he ought. Of course, you laid yourself open to his strictures, by courting him in the way you did; still, for my sake, he ought to have been a little more merciful."

"What did he say?"

"He said that he should hate you, only that you were so young that he could only pity you."

"Will you swear that he said this?"

"Yes, those were nearly his own words; but his meaning was even more dissinct than I have cared to make it."

"I don't know what should have provoked such an assertion on his part."

"That I do not remember; but we were speaking, I fancy, of discretion as a necessary virtue in ladics."

"And he told you that I was indiscreet?"

"Yes: but he declared that he par-

which, I am sure, was exceedingly kind."

"Indeed, I hardly know how to thank him enough," said Lina, with a bitter amile. "He has certainly given me a good lesson—for I shall never trust mortal man again. I would have staked my life on his honor; and after all, you see, he was like the rest—inconsistent, boastful, cruel. I wish you joy, Clementing, but if any man had deserted you to marry see, I should have such a poor opinion of his honor, or his faith, that I should certainly decline to accept the sacrifice."

"He has loved me from the very first."

first."
"Then he had an odd way of showing at one time,

"Then he had an odd way of showing his affection. I thought, at one time, that he actually disliked you, and regretted it exceedingly."

Lina was not trying to retaliate; she was only speaking the simple truth, candidly, according to her wont. It had been a great trouble to her at one time, to see how much Mr. Carthen shrank from Clementina, and she could not bring herself to credit that he had made a pretence of dislike which was not called for, and was certainly concealed from all as much as lay in his power. Anyhow, whatever art had subjugated him, he belonged to Clementina now.

Had Lina been older, and leas frank, she would have hidden her regret from her victorious rival, and died rather than give any sign of the agony she endured.

she would have hidden her regret from her victorious rival, and died rather than give any sign of the agony she endured. But she was only a child still; a loving, truthful, candid creature, who had never known sorrow before, and could not smile when she felt inclined to weep.

We know the cruel part her sister was playing—we know, too, how she had won, by fraud and artifice, the position she boasted of to Lina; but Lina had no such knowledge, and her pride, and her love were both wounded by the fact of Lady Clementina's engagement to Mr. Carthen.

"If I could only get away," she thought. "They will both laugh when they see me looking pale; and how must I bring back the color to my cheeks? I feel so sad—I cannot help looking sad—and it is so terrible, at eighteen, to have no hope, no pleasure in one's life. If I were to tell papa all! But then he would hate Mr. Carthen. He wonders already. were to tell papa all! But then he would hate Mr. Carthen. He wonders already, I know, by the wistful way in which I often tind him looking at me. Mamma sees nothing; and she is so proud of Clementina,, she would be sure to think her in the right. What must I do? Where must I go? How can I escape from my very self?"

"You had better marry the marquis," said Lady Clementina, as if she were answering Lina's passionate thought.

"Never!" was the reply, spoken the more vehemently that Lina hardly trusted her own resolution.

"I do not know what else you can

'I do not know what else you can

"I can remain as I am."
"Yes," said Lady Clementina, in soft, sly tones; "in order to make my whole married life miserable."

"How?"
"Mr. Carthen could not help seeing
that you were keeping single for his
sake; and though he loves me best now,
seeing you so constant, he might come,
at last to believe that he had made a
mistake." Lady Clementina could even appeal to

Lina's feelings, after having wronged her so bitterly! But a woman who has no heart herself is always able to calculate her effect coolly on the hearts of others. Poor Lina, driven, as it were, into a

corner, and seeing no way out of her

ties, bent over the fire and let the sil on her clasped hands.

are to have "he man you love;
", who never the happy, am to marry an old man, who has not even goodness to recommend him! It seems to me, Clementina, that you are to have everything, and I am to be utterly despoiled."

"You will be a marchioness, child!"
"You will be a marchioness, child!"
"And the most miserable woman that
ever breathed!" "Not unless you choose. I am sure marquis seems very kind." "Is he kind to the poor?"

I suppose so."
Or to his servants?" You must ask them that question."
Then why should he be kind to

me?"
"That is quite a different thing—"
"Not at all," interrupted Lina, vehemently. "It is by these things that you find out a man's real disposition. A merciful man is even merciful to his

I don't suppose the marquis is differ-"I don't suppose the marquis is different from other men, Lina; there are great allowances to be made for him. His first wife died early, and he has never had children to care for him, or a living creature to feel for his loneliness. With a young wife, he would, no doubt, be a different man altogether; and I am sure he seems entirely devoted to you and

your interests."
"I don't want his devotion," said Lina, petulantly. "He is old enough to be my grandfather?"
"What does that signify?"
"You would think it signified. Class.

"I don't believe I should. I consider it a great advantage for such a young person as you to have a husband older and wiser than yourself."

"What could I and the marquis have in common? Supposing I loved him dearly—and I hate him!—I could but grieve at such short happiness as I could only look for with a man of seventy."

"I don't believe hs is seventy."

"Then he is very near it, Clementina, for his hair is as white as snow."

Clementina was in carneet. It was

mentina was in earnest. It was sary that Lina should marry the

"Well, then, white. Nothing looks more venerable."

This last adjective was a mistake, and Lady Clementina was conscious of that fact, when Lina, caught her up sharply.

"Why should it be necessary for my husband to be venerable, when I am only eighteen?"

"I did not say that it was necessary, but it is certainly desirable, for you are ignorant of the world apd its ways, and need some one near you who is better informed than yourself."

"And so I am to marry a man of seventy?"

"And he told you that I was been seventy?"

"Yes; but he declared that he pardon in others, on account of your youth, which, I am sure, was exceedingly kind."

"Indeed, I hardly know how to thank him enough," said Lina, with a bitter amile. "He has certainly given me a smile. "He has certainly given me a same."

"And so I am to marry a man of You you would you. How could be aympathize with me in any of my takes and pursuits? What real union could there ever be between a young girl just commencing life, and a man of his are?"

just commencing ine, and age?"

Clementina touched the fender with the toe of her satin boot impatiently, and brought all the fire-irons rattling to the ground. Lina, whose nerves were in an irritable state, from over excitement, uttered a faint shriek.

"Don't be so absurd!" said Clementing superity.

"I thought it was some one coming," sighed Lina.

"And supposing some one had come, it wouldn't have been an ogre, I dare

it wouldn't have been an ogre, I dare say."

"I would rather see an ogre than the Marquis of Dawford."

If Lina had been less generous, how easily she might have retaliated! As it was, the idea never struck her to remind Clementina how she had once pined and sickened for the self-same cause.

"Mr. Carthen said, to-night, he was sure you would not marry the marquis," said Clementina, slowly. "So it seems as if he knew the extent of his own influence. In any case, he advises that fluence. In any case, he advises that you should be sent away before our wed-ding, as he fears you would make a scene at the coremony, and render us all ridi-

culous."
"He need not be afraid," said Lina, almost choking with passion and shame.
"I will take care not to spoil the proceedings by any inconvenient display of feeling."

ceedings by any measurement feeling."
"We shall both be so dreadfully ner"We shall both be so dreadfully nerthat."

"We shall both be so dreadfully nervous. You have never been taught to control yourself, Lina; you know that."
"I can learn, anyhow."
"I quite agree with Mr. Carthen that if you could be comfortably settled before, it would be a great thing for you."
"I am exceedingly obliged to you both for your kind suggestion." And then she added, in a voice tremulous with such rage as Lina had never felt before in all her life, "I may, perhaps, take his advice, and settle comfortably, as he terms it; but if I do, mind this, Clementina—you are my sister, and I will always welcome you to my house; but when you come, come alone. And now I am tired and sleepy, and it is close upon twelve o'clock. Good night."

CHAPTER XXXIV. THE SPIRIT'S SECOND VISIT.

When old Mark heard his son's account of his strange adventure in Lansdown Wood, he was greatly puzzled and somewhat frightened.

"It seems old what Towns Wilson

what frightened.
"It seems old what Tommy Wilson could have been doing there. But there is one thing quite clear—he knows of Flax's fate, and probably it was he who took the body up, in order that the murderer might be found out."
"I wonder he had sense enough."
"Those daft creatures are often very cunning."

"Those daft creatures are often very cunning."
"It seems as if they was. I don't half like the look of things, father, I can tell you that."
"Nor I, but we must take our chance. I don't see what there is to bring us in."
"There's no telling; Joe would do anything to save himself."
"Ah, that's true! He's a sneak and a coward both, and when you get the two together you may look out for everything that's bad. And the worst of it is, you have offended him."
"I'd scorn to be friends with such as him, father."

him, father."

him, father."

"You was once."

"Before I knew him. I thought he had had an accident, the same as Master Herbert had, there's no doubt, and I never knew any worse until of late."

"What opened your eyes?" 'What opened your eyes?''
'His manner of life, father; his cruel,

aly, wicked ways. Then I seemed to see that uight in a different light, and remembered now he had turned right round to fire, and how his aim was straight at the other's heart. A wounded man may tell tales—a dead man is quiet forever. You may depend that was his

thought."

"There's no doubt about it."

After this the two men relapsed into moodly silence, as if neither dared tell the extent of his fears. When breakfast was over, Nat started, as usual, in search of work. As usual, he returned at dusk, work. As usual, he returned at dusa, disappointed; even more, bitterly pained and annoyed. As he passed through the village, the only lips that met his willingly, the only lips that gave him greeting, were those of the widow, Mary

Flax. She came out on her door-step, looking thin and white, but anxious evidently to

thin and white, but anxious evidently to make her welcome as conspicuous as pos-sible to all her neighbors. "How do you do, Nat? and what is old Mark about? I haven't seen him down our way for nearly a fortnight now." Nat felt almost ashamed to face this

woman whom his silence wronged, so he said, with rather a penitent air, lost his work at Mr. Lowe's.

"You would think it signified, Clementina, if he was going to be your husband."
I don't believe I should. I consider it know what folks are saying?"

"They are saying that you killed my Jim."
"Who says so?" inquired Nat, with sudden fierceness; "who dared father that lie?"

"That is what I want to know. I've got my suspicions, only I keep quiet, you see, because it's best. If I hold my tongue and watch, I shall have him yet."

you see, because it so best. If I note my tongue and watch, I shail have him yet." "Who shall you have?" "Ah!" she said, "that is my secret. And mind you, Nat, my words to you

this day are not to go an inch beyond these ...ur walls. You understand? Keeping quiet is my only chance, only I wanted you to know that I trust you perfectly, and haven't any thought of your being the man. I'll work to get the real murderer convicted, and I've a geeling that it will come right in the end. So that even if they was to take you to prison, you'd know I was busy trying to bring it home to him (I won't say who), and that he should take your place on the scaffold, even if I couldn't get him until the eleventh hour."

Nat shuddered.

"They would't convict me," he said, with a contidence he did not feel.

"The lawyers can do anything," said the widow, gently. "I wish they would let the whole business alone. I could manage it myself easy if they wouldn't ton wouldn't ton would manage it myself easy if they wouldn't."

"I'm the best shot, he said; "let me

"The lawyers can do anyrning," said the widow, gently. "I wish they would let the whole business alone. I could manage it myself easy if they wouldn't meddle; it only wants time." "If they take me up, I shall tell the truth, and the whole truth," said Nat. "I wouldn't take a friend's ain on my shouldn't nuch more an enemy's."

"I wouldn't take a friend's ain on my shoulders, much more an enemy's." Nat," she said, solemnly, "if you know anything, I beseech you to speak at once. To-morrow it may be toolate." "Look here, Mary!" he said, in an earnest tone, "I know that you'll believe better than that I raised my arm argulat your husband, eyen to strike

against your husband, even to strike him. He was doing his duty, and he was never harsh over it, as some are. He'd a right to be against me, and I knew it; and though I meant to get away, of course I never meant to harm him. But, you see, I was there, and saw what took place, and I might come in for it as well as others. And, besides, there's something goes against the grain in turn-ing informer."

my little ones."
"They shan't want, all the while I'm

"They small living."
She looked at him earnestly.
"Nay," she said; "you'll have enough to do to keep your own children, some of "I doubt not, Mary."

"I doubt not, Mary.
"Why?"
"I shall wait until your little Mary is ready to marry," he said, with an attempt at playfulness; "and then she will laugh at me for an old fellow, and send me about my business, and that's how my wooing will end."
"Now's the time for you to go to wooing."

about my business, and that's how my wooing will end."

"Now's the time for on to go to wooing."

"Not with that hanging over me, and the old man wanting me at home; Mary. My hands will be full until it will be too late to think of such things, it strikes me."

Nat said no more, and there was nothing he ought to have counted upon in what she had said, and yet she had a more comfortable feeling about her children's future, somehow, than she ever had before. There are men whose lightest word is more valuable than another's oath.

Mary went back to her work, and Nat returned home. From old Mark's cottage you could see the Point, and Nat, standing on his door-step, lingering a little, saw as strange procession coming slowly out from under the trees. There were three men and a few boys, and something carried in their midst, fearful to think upon, still more fearful to see. He dashed open the door, and sprang through breathless.

"Pull down the blind, father," he exclaimed, "pull down the blind. They have found the body, and are going past."

"Why, Nat, you're mad!" answered the old man, sternly. "Do you want them to think we did it?"

"They think so now, father!"

"How do you know?

have found the body, and are going past."

"Why, Nat, you're mad!" answered the old man, sternly. "Do you want them to think we did it?"

"They think so now, father!"

"How do you know?

"Mary Flax told me they did."

"She doesn't accuse you?"

"I fancy she knows the truth, only she's keeping quiet in order to pat him off his guard."

At this minute there was a dark shadow access the window. Nat sat

shadow access the window. Nat sat down and covered his eyes.

"Tell me when they have passed, father."

father."

A few seconds' silence, and then old
Mark said, "They are gone now, lad."

"Who was with 'em—did you see?

"Lawrence was one; I didn't see any

more.
"And Joe?"
"He might have been there, but if
"deaning the window."

"He might have been there, but if so, he stooped passing the window."

"He's as sly as a fox."

"I teil you what," said old Mark, rising to his feet and stretching himself; "sitting idle at home doesn't suit me. I'll go out with you to-night, if I live long enough. The fresh air and the excitement will do me a world of good. There's nothing so bad for a man as sitting moping at home. And we shall be starving again, if we don't take care."

"Perhaps we shall find supper ready for us again to-night"

"No such luck, Nat, you may depend. Such miracles as that only happen once in a way."

ce in a way."
"We'll get off as soon as it is a little darker: shall we

darker; shall we?"
"Ah! I'm ready at any moment."
"I expect they'll have enough to thinabout this evening, without looking after
us," Nat remarked. "Only I don't see
much use in going; we've no traps and
no charge." no charge."
Old Mark pointed to something on the

table, and chuckled.
"What is it?" "Why, enough powder and shot for

two charges, that's what it is."
"Where did it come from?"
"I scraped it out of the drawers.

nothing to do all day, and that amused me." I never thought I'd wasted so much."
"You see, lad, when people have plenty, they don't take no account of it. Then you come to want, and set to work to pick up the crumbs left from an old meal."

opened the door and looked out. It was dusk now, and the trees on the Point threw out a mass of shadow, dense and

black.

Nat drew in his head, shivering.

"It's time for us to start, father, if you are ready."

"Did you ever know me a minute behind when there was any sport going on?"

Nat had the gun now, and old Mark took it from him.
"I'm the best shot, he said; "let me

"I'm the best shot, he said; "let me fire."
"I wouldn't waste shot on a partridge, father; it isn't big enough for two."
"Nay," said old Mark; "that's as fine a pheasant as ever you saw. Whist, Nat, don't stir."
It was just light enough to see the bird rising on the wing, as if suddenly disturbed at roost by the sound of voices and steps.
Old Mark figed, and the bird fell dead at his feet, the warm life-blood sprinkling

Old Mark flaged, and the bird fell dead at his feet, the warm life-blood sprinkling his cheek.

He felt for it on the ground, and then took it up and thrust it into his pocket.

"No more firing now," he said; "we are sure of something for dinner to-morrow."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a sudden, stealthy hand was at his

well as others. And, besides, there's something goes against the grain in turning informer."

"Not to save yourself, Nat."

"I'll speak if they force me to, but not before."

"If that should be too late to do you any good?" she urged.

"Ah! it won't. Come, Mary, I've always said you were the bravest woman I had ever seen; you aren't getting a coward now by chance, are you?"

"Trouble has not done that yet. I can keep up until it is all over. I don't know what will become of me afterwards, and I shouldn't care either, if it wasn't for my little ones."

"Thou wouldn't and scarcely passed his lips, throat."

"Nat," gasped the old poacher, "why, what the deuce—"

"Leave go, father; you'll cheke me," mutered Nat, confused and breathless.

"Slence!" exclaimed the stern voice of Lawrence, the keeper. "We have you fast now;" and before Nat could utter another word, he found himself helpless.

"What is this for?" he asked, presently, and tried to speak in a bold voice.

"For murder!"

"For murder!"

"The replacement of the stern voice.

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"What is this for?" he asked, presently, and tried to speak in a bold voice.

"For murder!"

"How the a sudden, stealthy hand was at his throat."

sently, and bried to speak voice.

"For murder!" echoed old Mark.
"What, ny lad?"
"Ay, Mark Greysome," answered Lawrence, "if you'd brought up your son different you would never have seen this sight. But as you sow so shall you reap."

this sight. But as you sow so assar you reap."

"For murder?" repeated the old man, incredulously, yielding to a kind of dull despair. "I don't deny that I've learnt him to take a bird here and there, where he could get it; but as for killing a fellow creature, why the boy has such a tender heart, that he wouldn't heart a fly, knowingly."

"That he'll have to prove," answered Lawrence, who, naturally, would feel no

now."
"No, I shan't; but the birds that fly in the air, and the fishes that swim in the

"Perhaps you'll keep up the preserves, then, and pay me?" said Lawrence, jeeringly. "I don't see why you should have all the profit, and none of the pain." This view of the case seemed to strike Nat clearly for the first time; and, being naturally candid, he said, almost involuntarily.

untarily:
"I never thought about that. Of course it looks different, when you put it in that light. Anyhow, Master Law-rence, whatever me and my father have been before, I swear to you we was only poaching to night to save ourselves from starving. We didn't know where to

It was a relief to all when old Mark's cottage was reached.

Nat offered to show them where a light was to be found—though, with his manaded hands, he could not strike a match. But when the candle was placed on the table, a bitter cry of dismay broke from the lips of the two poachers.

A plentiful, even luxurious supper was spread out on the board daintily; knives, forks and plates laid for two, and mugs ready to hold the sparkling amber ale, with which the bottle was filled up to the neck.

ready to hold the sparkling amber ale, with which the bottle was filled up to the neck.

"I tell you what," sneered Lawrence, "I don't care how often I statve, if this is the way you do it! You must have forgotten that your supper was set, Mark, I should fancy!"

In vain the two poschers explained and protested. It was, of course, so improbable that anyone should take the trouble to bring them food, and set it ready for their enjoyment, that it was hardly expected the keepers, and other men with them, should believe their account of the tale.

Nat did not care for himself. The charge of murder was one that could not be affected by the minor accusation, only as proving his character to be generally bad in the eyes of the jury; but he would fain have left his father behind.

They searched them both; and Lawrence, by right of his master, took possession of the pheasant, and called upon all the others to note that he had taken it off old Mark's person in their presence.

Lawrence was not inclined to be tenient. Human nature enjoys the petty vengoances that circumstances render casy. Many a night's rest had Lawrence lost through old Mark and his son; and for each one of these he paid his prisoners back in a jeer as to thoir famishing condition, or a more direct menace respecting Nat's future fate; which made old Mark, remembering its dream, feel as if the chill of death had well-nigh reached his own heart.

[To BE CONTINUED.] reached his own heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] A SUPERSTITIOUS STRUGGLE.

There is an old superstition to the effect that if a light goes out unexpectedly, or you extinguish it accidentally, you must speak no word until you have relighted it. If there are no matches in the house, emulate Hippocrates until some are found and utilized, or fire and fearful troubles will follow. Aft incident of this kind occurred not long ago. A well-known ancient maiden lady, well up in all super-religious commandments and we what I am taken for; but they can't say my father had anything to do with it, any how. Take me where you will, but let him go."

"No, no," said Lawrence, decidedly; "we caught him in the act, and it's time he was stopped at that game. A taste of prison fare will do him all the good in the world."

"Why, even prison fare would be a luxury to men who have gone days together without so much as a crust of bread. If he was out to night, it was because we didn't know where to look for a mouthful of food on the morrow."

"That's a pretty tale," said Lawrence, decidedly; "When the world."

"That's a pretty tale," said Lawrence would be a luxury to men who have gone days together without so much as a crust of bread. If he was out to night, it was because we didn't know where to look for a mouthful of food on the morrow."

"That's a pretty tale," said Lawrence, of the control of the co well-known ancient manner and in all super-religious commandments and articles of faith, suddenly put out her colorsus kerosene illuminator. Not a "I am neither a murderer nor a liar," had no igniting principles. But the fifth burned steadily; and the struggle which thing that didn't belong to me, in all my life."

"You'll deny having been a poacher, now."

"No, I shan't; but the birds that fly in the air, and the fishes that swim in the bors who had followed her home, "They have been some and the fishes that swim in the bors who had followed her home, "They sea, belong to me as much as they do to
Lord Dacre, or Mr. Carthen, or any one
else. God never meant such things for
the rich alone; on the contrary, I believe
they was sent as a provision for the
shrine of the occult? Universal Dissatisfaction. - How

goes to sea. The business man who must travel from town to town, and from country to country, dreams of the day when he will be able to "settle down;" the man of sedentary habits grieves over the thought that he has to vegetate like a cabbage in one spot, and sighs for the time when he may travel. The town-bred youth hails, with joy, the wo charges, that's what it is."

"Where did it come from?"

"I scraped it out of the drawers. I'd bothing to do all day, and that amused me."

"I never thought I'd wasted so much."

"You see, lad, when people have blenty, they don't take no account of it. Then you come to want, and set to work to pick up the crumbs left from an old meal."

"That's true," suswered Nat; and spend the door and looked out. It was lusk now, and the trees on the Point threw out a mass of shadow, dense and black.

Nat drew in his head, shivering.

"It's time for us to start, father, if you are ready."

"Did you ever know me a minute being me."

"But you come to was any sport going of "Mark shouldered his gun: they stirred rine town-bred youth hails, with joy, the morning in which he is enabled to get out where he can breath pure air and ramble among green halls.

lad was, but I won't have it said be told a lie to screen anybody; and so, if you'll go to the cottage, you'll find he wasn't only right when he said that there wasn't a screep of food anywhere to keep as from starving."

"Very well, then; come along," Lawrence said. "If you have told the truth it may stand in your favor, for I don't expect they'll bring any charge against you except poaching."

"Who accuses my lad?" asked the old man, stoutly.

"You'll see," said Lawrence. "Come along,"

They passed Lanadewn Point in silence. A kind of awe crept over the men, a shuddering horror, as they caught, ever the men, a shuddering horror, as they caught, ever thoroughly rubbing it into the marble, to dimly, more in imagination than in fact, the dark outline of the gaping grave. It was a relief to all when old Mark's cottage was reached.

That for Gold and Silver,—A good test is a piece of lunar caustic, fixed with a pointed piece of wood. Slightly wet

test is a piece of lunar caustic, fixed with a pointed piece of wood. Blightly wet the metal to be tested, and rub it gently with the caustic. If gold or affer, the mark will be faint; but if an inferior metal, it will be quite black. Jewelers who purchase old gold often use this test.

test.

To Bemove Paint Stains from Glass Windows.—It frequently happens that painters splash the plate or other glass windows when they are painting the sills. When this is the case, melt some soda in very hot water, and wash them with it, using a soft flannel. It will entirely remove the saint.

paint.

Pillows long used acquire a diagreeable odor. The tick should be emptied
and washed, the feathers put into a bag
and exposed to the heat of the sun for
several hours. If in the country where
the old-fashioned brick oven is still in
existence, it is a good plan to place the
bag in the oven after the bread has been
withdrawn.

Floral Pynamins.—It is so easy to
have beautiful objects about us that it is

bag in the oven after the bread has been withdrawn.

FLORAL PYRAMIDS.—It is so easy to have beautiful objects about us that it is a pity to be without one. Take a soup plate or a pickle dish, and fill it with sand. Moisten the sand with water, and heap it to a cone, and then thrust into the wet sand flowers and foliage enough to cover the whole surface, and you will have, if you arrange it well, the most beautiful floral ornament that can be imagined. This is an excellent way for arranging short-stemmed flowers, eventoes whose petals are too soft to be tied without injury among stiffer ones. Or place in the centre of your soup plate a teacup, a child's amug, or a wine glass, in which insert a made bouquet, and then filling the plate about it with sand, proceed as above. This will give a better cone than the first method.

Wet Boors.—What an amount of discomfort wet boots entail, to be sure; and how well we all recall the fretful efforts we have now and them made to draw on a pair of hard-backed ones which were put by the fire over night to dry. Damp and adhesive within, they are without stiff and unyielding as horn. The full wind adhesive within, they are without stiff and unyielding as horn. The full wind and adhesive within, they are without stiff and unyielding as are taken off fill them quite full with dry outs. This grain has a great fondness for damp and will rapidly absorb the last vestige of if from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot with a tightly-litting last, keeping its form good and drying the leather without hatduning it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to degree of the next morning:

PREWIEWITH



The heavens will be as bright over graves as they are now around our ; the world will have the same fur winding on its way, and the attraction for offspring that she once had for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. A little while, and all this will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, and the grave.clods will be thrown in, and our friends will be thrown in, and our friends will be thrown and we shall be left hebind to will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and to the worms. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very cham ber in which we died; and the eyes will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to tisp our name.

GOOD ADVICE .- At a recent marriage of a young lady the following advice was given to the bride by her father. We recommend its perusal and remembrance by newly married couples. They are truly "words of wisdom," and descrying to be framed in every household in the land: "Never talk at, but to each other. Never both maintain anger at the same time. Never speak loud or boisterously to each other. Never reproach each other in presence of others. fault or fret about what cannot be helped. Never repeat an order or request when understood. Never make a remark at the other's expense. Neglect everybody else rather than each other."

THE blindness of the understanding is as much to be pitied as the bimdness of the eyes; and it is neither laughable nor criminal for a man to lose his way in

d if you are dead."
"What are you jawing about, there in a furctop?" growled a voice below sea. They looked down and saw the

the forestop?" growled a voice below them. They looked down and saw the mate, who was so willing angrily at the mate, who was so willing angrily at the harpooner.

"Lay down from aloff, you Tatty," be cried. "Be lively."

Obedience is the first law on board ship, and the next moment there was a wasancy in the atmosphere lately occupied by Tatty, and he slid to the deed. "What do you see so enticing about that young whelp?" demanded the mate, "You flight for him like a tiger for her cubs."

"You flight for him like a tiger for her cubs."

"I'd do as much for any measurate, Mr. Fersythe," replied Tatty. "It is a way we old tars have, if you only knew it."

"I suppose you are right," replied the:

"I suppose you are right," replied the mate, grimly. "I dipped my hand in the tar bucket a good many years ago, and learned the ropes. Now I want to and tearned the ropes. Now I want to ask you a single question, and I want you to answer it like a man. If it was a question which you would side with, that boy or myself, which would you stand by?"

Tatty was silent, but he looked at the

"Taty was sient, out he rosed at the mate in a strange, intent way.

"Why don't you answer?"

"It ain't a fair deal," said Tatty, quietly, "and I ain't going to answer any such question, if I can help it."

"Take care," said Forsythe, with a threatening look. "I won't take any immediance from you."

impudence from you."
"I don't mean to be impudent, Mr. Foreythe. I'll say as much as this, since you will have an answer: I love that boy better than anything on earth, and I'd kill any man that tried to wrong him?"

"You would?"

"You would, Mr. Forsythe. Bear in mind that I've got some of the old heathen blood in me, and we love and hate strong. That boy is a good, plucky one, and has the making of a man in him. More than that, he was kidnapped on board this ship by some one that wants him to come to harm, and I'll help him through."

him through."

Forsythe grasped an iron belaying-pin-firmiy, and made a movement as if he would raise it. Tatty oroughed like a tiger about to spring, and his huge flats were tightly chenched, while the wild light given by his Maori blood flashed

m his eyes.
'I've half a mind to give you one for

"I've haif a mind to give you one for that speech, Tatty," said Forsythe.
"I wouldn't, if I was you," replied the island prince, quietly. "Better for both of us if you hold your hand. For twenty years I have sailed upon these seas; I have obeyed orders, and no man ever struck me a blow. I beg you not to do it now, for I can't answer for myself."
Forsythe burst into a hearty laugh, and laid his hand upon the shoulder of

"Pshaw, old man; do you think I am such a fool as to quarrel with you?" I don't care how close you stick to the boy, but one thing I will say, you are deceived in him, and one of those days you will find it out."

"I don't think so, Mr. Forsythe," re-plied Tatty. "I think he is going to be a man worth knowing."

"You may ep."

"You may go."
The harp-soner moved away quickly, it again mounted the ratins, when reythe again called to him.
"Don't repeat what I have said," he

cried, looking up. "All right, sir; not this time, if you

The starboard watch went below at The startowns watch went below at twelve o'clock, shore time, and Dick, who was very tired, turned in at once. "Dais Tatty sat by his bunk and smoked a pipe, and when he knocked out the ashes went on. pipe, and when he knocked out the sahes the lad was selecp. The giant harpooner arose, and looked at him with an earnest

the lad was select. The giant harpsoner arose, and looked at him with an earnest glance, as he lay there with his head pillowed on his arm, his curls clustered about his noble young face.

"Foreythe lies when he says that the boy is a lad one," he muttered, in an angry tone. "And I'll stand by Gentieman Dick while I have a leg to stand on. I wonder where in thunder that Black Rodger went that day; I'll pay him off if we ever meet."

He divested himself of his clothing and sprang into his bunk, and was soon assep. But Tatty slept with one eye open, and the lightest step would always arouse him, no matter how tired he was. His strange besifeliow, the harpson, was lying by his side, against the buikbead; for night or day, except when going aloft, the weapon never left him.

He awoke with a start, and realized the fact that some one was creeping about in the forecastle. By the dim light of time.

The acquisition of gold has a wonder-

the weapon never has start, and realized the fact that some one was creeping about in the forecastle. By the dim light of the lantern it was impossible to make out who it was, but Tatty supposed that it was one of the "port" watch who was made on the nature of man. The acquisition of gold has a wonderful influence on the nature of man. Perhaps it helped to deaden the dull pain in Charles Stapyllon's heart sconer words, had the lantern it was impossible to make out who it was, but Tatty supposed that it was one of the "port" watch who was "soldiering," or in other words, had sneaked off the deck to sleep. This aroused the tre of the old salt, who aroused the ire of the old sail, who could not bear anything like a man who would dodge his duty. Still lying quietly in his bunk, he wasted. The man, whoever it was, crept with a stealthy step from bunk to bunk, and his strange actions began to puzzle the barpooner. "He wants to steal something," he thought. "Tolnoco, maybe."

actions began to puzzle the harpsoner.

"He wants to steal something," he thought. "Tobacco, maybe."

If the strange man was after tobacco, he was tooking for it in queer places. He stopped at every bunk, and looked closely into the faces of the men who lay there. They were all salecp, and he passed on to the one occupied by Tatty, who at once dropped back and smored loudly, while he hept onseys partly open and fixed intently upon the face of the intruder. He seemed to hackstate as he heard the harpsonner snore, but upon second thought, he omne nearer. A nound on dock startled him, and he sprang back toward the companion, and Tatty heard a low votes any: "All right; go sheed."

"Stealing, sh!" thought Tatty. "One to watch and the other to do the trick; I'll see what I can do."

The intruder again approached the bunk, and Tatty was once more sound acked. The intruder again approached the bunk, and Tatty was once more sound acked. The stranger stead over him, and the eyes of the harpsoner were tightly closed, for he dared not keep them open now. Again the

"And why do you my noncense, with uch a contemptation tosa of the head, lim Hewitt?"

ton."
"Humph!" commented Charles Stapyl-

"Now you are stooping to the unworthy passion of jealousy," said Daisy, with dignity. "Charley, I thought better of you than that."

She went back into the house, her yellow curls shimmering an instant in the sunny doorway, her white dress fluttering about her like the vaporous masses of a summer cloud, and Stapyton went away with a slow, unclastic step.

what a superb specimen of the genus donkey I am," he muttered between his his set teeth, as he stalked along, twitching furiously at his moustake. "Can't I so much as speak to her without waxing her? Can't I exercise ordinary magnanimity towards a more fortunate rival? Although, in my inner-most beart, I believe Kenneth Crofton to be a villain. I distrust his amooth accents, his ready spreech, his conventional smile. And it is very hard that, after loving Daisy all my life, this stranger is to walk coolly in, and bear away the prize beneath my very eyes."

But although he resolved for the faiture to put a bridle upon his impetuous hips, his resolution melted into empty air within the next twenty-four hours. He met Daisy in the woods gathering ferns.

"Ob Charley is that you?" she cried.

ferns.
"Oh, Charley, is that you?" she cried, gleefully. "The very one I wanted to see. Can you reach that exquisite little tuft of maidenshair that grows high up nder ledge?"
"Daisy, I think I could achieve any
k you were to set me," he answered,

"Daisy, I think I count task you were to set me," he answered, to fervently. He swung himself up the steep acclivity, and reached down the nodding plume to of sender-stemmed ferns.

"I'm much obliged, I'm sure," said paisy, arranging the haves with a caressing touch.
But Stapylton stood beside her.
"Daisy, did you really mean that yesterday."
"Did I really mean what?" she questioned, with blue, uplifted eyes of innocenter, with blue, uplifted eyes of inno-cent surprise.

"That—that you never could look upon me in the light of a possible lover?"

'Charley, don't be a goose. Is this a

"Charley, don't be a goose. Is this a masquerade or a practical joke?"
"Neither, Daisy. Only I love you."
"Then you are a fool for your pains," said Daisy, impatiently. "When you might have known that..."
"That what, Daisy?"
His eyos we're glittering now, with suppressed light, his brow darkened.
"That I was engaged to Kenneth Crofton."

"Paisy!"

"Aye, and I am proud of it," she went on, with rose-red cheeks and down-cast lashes. "We are to be married in the autumn, and go abroad. I meant to have told you this before, but it only

Perhaps it beised to deaden the duil pain in Charles Stappiton's heart sconer than anything else could have done. It was a bleak December night, five years after, with gusts of occasional snow hurrying through the streets, and the lamps flickering dimly in the wintl, when a lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, stopped at the door of a superb mansion at the corner of two of the most terominent streets.

veiled, stopped at the door of a superb mansion at the corner of two of the most prominent streets.

"Has Mr. Stappiton returned yet?"

"Just come," said the servant, indifferently. "But he's very tired, and very busy. Better call again. It ain't likely he il'bee anybody to night."

"He will see me," said the lady, in a low, firm voice, as she drew out a card, and penciled two words upon it. "Take this card to him without delay."

The man stared, but obeyed, and presently returned.

"You're to walk in, ma'am, please."

And forthwith he ushered the mysterious stranger into a small reception-room, furnished in blue velvet and gold, and mirrors gleaming all around.

In the middle of the room, at an inlaid desk, sat a gentleman, in whose gravs, care-lined face and hair slightly "sprinheld with gray," it would scarcely be easy to recognise our old friend, Charley itiappitos.

"Dainy, is it you?" he saked, with outstretched hand.

abe steed before him, the violet eyes as blue and appealing as ever, the dewy-red lips quivering.

"And I have come to beg mercy of you have," ahe exists.

"Date"
"Date to be a seried to be the seried her own.

"Date to be a seried clear on the health for the form of clear on the health five the mand dollar check?"

"And that the forger is detected?"

"And that the forger is detected?"

"But here they told you of the criminal's name?" the failured.

"Bo; serely, Dalay," he mustered, with a wrange light of comprehension dawning over his face.

"It is my husband! Oh, Charles Stapytton, you know my errand now. It is to beg, to plead that you will be merciful to us, as you one day expect mercy to be shown to yourself at the Eternal Throne. It is not that I longer care for him," she added, with a choking sob in her throat. "The spark of love died out long ago, on the altar of my heart. I discovered my delusion when the orange blossoms of my bridal wreath were fairly withered. But I have some pride left—and to see my husband condemned to a felon's doom would kill me, I believe. You alone can save me, Charles, by putting a stop to these legal proceedings. Will you do it—for my sake?"

"I will do it for your sake, Daisy."

She bent her head over his hand.

ake?"
"I will do it for your sake, Daisy."
She bent her head over his hand.
He could feel the tears dropping

He could feel the tears dropping there.

"Oh, Charley, if I could only have known then all that I know now! Oh, Charley, Charley!"

That was all. They parted.

But the next day, with a great thrill at his heart, Mr. Stapylton, the banker, heard that the forger had committed suicide in his place of continement, during the very hour in which his wife was pleading for pardon in his behalf.

The pardon had come, but it was too late.

the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor, the new commander, intended to carry the barque down among the Marshall Islands, and there destroy her, taking up his residence among the savages. There were still twenty men on board; but how many of them were actively engaged in the plot, or how many were merely cowed into submission to the new au-thority, was more than the captain could call.

"And now far do you suppose your ship to be from us now?" asked Captain Bent.

"I have steered west-north-west, by compass, as near as I could," said Captain Watson; "and have run, I should judge, about eighty miles. The Newcastle, when I lost sight of her, was by the wind on the northwest tack, under easy sail. She ought to bear nearly due east from us."

"Come below, and let's lay off your course on the chart. I don't know as I can do anything for you, even if I should fall in with your ship, but it might be some satisfaction to see her."

The two captains went into the cabin, and soon the order was passed along to make all sail on a wind. Nothing was seen during the day, and at night we tacked back again. And the first gray light of morning showed up the barque—

recognized at once by Captain Watson and his mate as their own vessel-run-

tion that passed from eac to another of the group.

"Now! I think of R," said the mate of the Newsette, "I think I know his object. If he really means to wind up his cruise at one of the Marshall Islands, he will want to make a trade for tobacco and fire-arms."

"You've hit it," returned the captain.

"That must be McGregor's object. There isn't much tobacco on board, and but little powder. He wants to buy more. Captain Bent, let's you and I have another talk by ourselves," he added, seeming to have conceived some new idea.

"Their conference was about hut linds.

idea.
Their conference was short; but, judg-Their conference was short; but, judging from the expression on their faces, when they came on deck and took the mates into their conference, it seemed to have been productive of something of importance. The barque's boat, in which the wanderers had been picked up, was placed overhead on the skids, as if she had been one of our own, and a sail thrown over her, that she might not be recognized. The crew were instructed to keep themselves out of sight while the two vessels were communicating.

two vessels were communicating.

"What barque is that?" asked Captain
Ben, innocently, after he had given his

Ben, linea. own name. "The Newcastle, of Sidney."

"The Newcastle, of Sidney."
"Who commands her!"
"Watson," was the reply.
"One of my men had his leg broken, yesterday," hailed our captain, "and I would like to get the services of your success."

APPEARANCES.—If we examine closely into the causes of our happiness, we shall find that appearances play no inconsiderable part among them. To live utterly regardless of the impressions made upon others would be to sink far below the present stage of civilisation, and to banish many prevailing moral influences, that exert a vast power for good. The wise man, therefore, in guarding himself and others against the abuses that come from indiscriminate had excessive love of display, will be careful not to condemn it—a condemnation that commonly fails on account of its manifest injustice. There is usually an habitual identification of pleasant appearances with the realities they personate, and this increas a faith in their importance. There is sometimes morality as well as expediency in a regard for appearances; but where so many erries in having too much regard for them, and in neglecting the proper balance between that and higher motives.

The great source of pleasure is variety.

THE great source of pleasure is variety. We love to expect; and when expect tion is disappointed or gratified, we wan to be again expecting.

A CHILD rightly brought up is like a rillow branch which, broken off and outhing the ground, takes root and lourishes in any part of the earth.

THERE are persons who are never abreast of the age; they dive into the stream of the past and never come up again—their heads stick in the mud.

PICTURES.

BY J. E. S.

FACE TO FACE:

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," ETC. [This serial was commenced in No. 8, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all news-dealers throughout the United States, or direct from this 6me.]

CHAPTER XXXIII.

LINA STRUGGLES WITH PATE. No sooner had Mr. Carthen spoken those momentous words, that bound him to Lady Clementina as closely as an oath, than she tottered to her feet, bewildered, stunned, barely conscious, with only one

to Lady Clementina as closely as an oath, than she tottered to her feet, bewildered, stunned, barely conscious, with only one sense, as it were, and that exquisite joy, but blunted somehow by the mearness of the danger, the keenness of the risk, she had just passed through victorious.

She stumbled out of the room, she hardly knew how, and found herself in the darkness, her hand clutching tight hold of the casket containing her locket. The air was cold, the wind strong; and it seemed to revive Lady Clementina as it passed over her burning brows.

"Mine!" she muttered; "mine! Lina is disposessed, at last! Even if she will not marry the marquis, she cannot marry Mr. Carthen now. He belongs to me, and will not dare draw back from his given word. "Who could have dreamt, a fortnight back, when I was so near despair, that there would come such a glorious victory as this?"

It was not often Lady Clementina wept; but the reaction, after the past excitement, left her so weak, that she sat down on a bank and cried like a child.

But not for long. She was not the kind of parson to indulge her feelings. They might take her unawares; but she soon conquered them—beat them down under her feet, and stamped on them remorselessly.

The dinner hour at the Park was eight

of whales with any more than six in a boat.

"Castaways, of course," was now the unanimous opinion. "Ship foundered or burnt at sea, and some of her boats lost with her."

But we were not kept long in auspense, for the strangers brought their frail craft alongside as rapidly as oars and canvas could do it, and leaped in on deck. In a few minutes we were in possession of the ship and Fletcher Christian.

The boat contained Captain Watson, his mate and six others, from the barque Newcastle, of Sydvey, who had been set. The second mate, named McGregor, was at the head of the conspiracy, which had been most artfully planned, and carried into execution while he had charge of the deck.

It was supposed that McGregor that McGregor and the others would be to sink far below the present stage of civilization, and to banish many nevayiling means the marquis' clasp. Lady Clementina played with her locket, and smiled often to berself.

In another minute line marquis' clasp. Lady Clementina played with her locket, and smiled often to berself.

In another minute dinner was an anieled often to berself.

McGregor and the other principals in the record to the other minutes dinner was an obliged its ask the marquis had the opposite side of the table, out of his way.

It was supposed that McGregor that the mutiny were duckly disposed of; and in less than two as an aspen-leaf in the marquis' clasp. Lady Clementina played with her locket, and smiled often to berself.

It was supposed that McGregor that boat was halled, the quarter-deck of the New and smiled often to berself.

It was supposed that McGregor that boat and shelter, that I may hide my-dickly disposed of; and in less than two as an and send of her to be at time the boat was halled, the quarter-deck of the New castle was in possession of the door, and the start of the table, out of his way.

It was supposed that McGregor that the mutiny were darked from him appeals and mailed often to berself.

Lady Clementina played with her locket, and smiled often to berself.

It was su

kept close at Wilfred's side, and would not allow him to move a single step without her.

At ten, the marquis' carriage came to the door, and he bowed himself out. Lina then retired, after kissing her mother and father, according to her custom. When she got to her own chamber, she diamissed her maid, and drawing an armchair up to the fire, sat down to think.

She had fancied, all the evening, that there was something odd in her sister's manner—a kind of veiled triumph and passionate joy. Lina believed that Lady Clementina loved Mr. Carthen, and was willing to resign her own claim, if it were necessary to the other's happineas; but to have the choice taken away from her by his eruel desertson, wounded her pride as much as it touched her heart.

It was almost a relief to think now of his going abroad. She could not even look out of her window without seeing his house, and being reminded of him. But when the Hall was shut up, and they themselves had gone to town, it might not be altogether so hard to bear.

In the midst of these reflections, the door opened suddenly, and Lady Clementins came in. She had exchanged her evening dress for a loose white priyeneir; but even over this she wore the diamond locket, and as it gistened against her smooth, white throat, it seem d to fuscinate and fix Lina's eyes.

"Who gave you that?" she mid,

smooth, white throat, it seem d to fas-cinate and fix Lina's eyes.

"Who gave you that?" she mid, presently. "It is very prestly."

"Gave me what?" inquired Lady Chementina, pretending not to under-stand what her sister meant.

"The locket you are wearing Look; and don't you recognize that

She took it off, and hunded "It seems familiar, and ye

or sure."

"But who is the original?"

"Mr. Carthen."

Lina felt herself turn very pale, but the forced herself to my:

"Did he give you the locket, then?"

"He Aid."

"When?"

"This verning."

"This evening."
"Then you were with him this eve "Then you were with him this evening?"

"Assuredly, for about two hours; and you will be glad to hear that he is recovering, although still very weak."

"I should not have fancied that you would have gone to him, Clementina."

"Why not?"

"Because you would not even allow me to speak to him one day as he passed."

"That is quite a different thing."

"That is quite a different thing."
"If don't see how."
"In the first place, he had not shown me every sign of friendship one day, and forsaken me the next without a word. In the mext, I went to see him under peculiar circumstances—the only circumstances, indeed, that would have excused such an act on my part, or that of any other lady."
"You mean that he was so ill?"
"He was ill, certainly, but his illness."

"You mean that he was so ill?"
"He was ill, cortainly, but his illness would not have been sufficient excuse."
"You are too enigmatical for me," said Lina, almost angrily for her. "If you want me to understand you, you must really speak out."
"You won't be shocked?" said Lady Clementina, with affected sympathy, and the keenest enjoyment of the situation.

on.
"Why should I be shocked?" "Because you seemed to be so sure at one time that he preferred you."

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"Waters," was the regist the communitate her ""

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"Waters," was the regist to the communitate her properties of the properties of the communitate her properties of th

"What of that?"

"I do not wish to marry; nay, it would be wicked for me to think of it. I could not promise truthfully, to love any man; and much more the Marquis of Dawford," she added, shuddering; "for he is the only person in the world I thoroughly dislike."

"I should have funcied, on the contrary, it was impossible to help liking him. His manners are most affable and

"I should have fanoied, on the contrary, it was impossible to help liking him. His manners are most affable and charming."

"But he has such cruel, cold eyes! His look freezes all the warm blood in one's veins."

"Then it must have had quite a different effect upon you from what it was intended to have," answered Lady Clementius, with an amused laugh. "He has complained that you were so ley, Lina, and hoped that his fiery glances might melt you."

"I fancy he will discover that he has misjudged me somewhat."

"I shall have a very poor opinion of you if he has, Lina. I may as well tell you that candidly. Mr. Carthen should not be able to boast that we were as keeping single for his sake. You will make him vain. In all our little quarrels, he will be sure to remind me that he might have had you if he had chosen."

Poor Lina turned actually scarlet. "He would surely be ashamed to may that, after his conduct; and, moreover, you would not help it. It is man's habit to boast of such things."

"I could not help it. It is man's habit to boast of such things."

"No true man would, Clementina."

"I don't know; I have always heard

you praise Mr. Carthen as a model of all virtues; and, certainly, dearly as I love him, I must own that he did not speak of you to-night as I consider he ought. Of course, you laid yourself open to his strictures, by courting him in the way you did; still, for my sake, he ought to have been a little more merciful."
"What did he say?"
"He said that he should hate you, only that you were so young that he could only pity you."
"Will you swear that he said this?"
"Yes, those were nearly his own words; but his meaning was even more distinct than I have cared to make it."
"I don't know what should have provoked such an assertion on his part."
"That I do not remember; but we were speaking, I fancy, of discretion as a necessary virtue in ladies."
"And he told you that I was indiscreet?"
"Yes: but he declared that he par-

Yes; but he declared that he pardoned in you what he should not pardon in others, on account of your youth, which, I am sure, was exceedingly kind."

wind. 'I ndeed, I hardly know how to thank him enough," said Lina, with a bitter smile. "He has certainly given me a good lesson—for I shall never trust mortal man again. I would have staked my life on his honor; and after all, you see, he was like the rest—inconsistent, boastful, cruel. I wish you joy, Clemetina; but if any man had deserted you to marry use, I should have such a poor opinion of his honor, or his faith, that I should certainly decline to accept the sacrifice." decline to accept the sacrifice."
has loved me from the very

first."
"Then he had an odd way of showing

"Then he had an odd way of showing his affection. I thought, at one time, that he actually disliked you, and regretted it exceedingly."

Lina was not trying to retaliate; she was only speaking the simple truth, cardidly, according to her wont. It had been a great trouble to her at one time, to see how much Mr. Carthen shrank from Clementins, and she could not bring herself to credit that he had made a pretence of dislike which was not called for, and was certainly concealed from all as much as lay in his power. Anyhow, whatever art had subjugated him, he belonged to Clementina now.

Had Lina been older, and less frank, she would have hidden her regret from her victorious rival, and died rather than give any sign of the agony she endured.

give any sign of the agony she endured. But she was only a child still; a loving, truthful, candid creature, who had never known sorrow before, and could not smile when she fell inclined to weep.

known sorrow before, and could not smile when she felt inclined to weep.

We know the cruel part her sister was playing—we know, too, how she had won, by fraud and artifice, the position she boasted of to Lina; but Lina had no such knowledge, and her pride, and her love were both wounded by the fact of Lady Clementina's engagement to Mr. Carthen.

"If I could only get away," she thought. "They will both laugh when they see me looking pale; and how must I bring back the color to my cheeks? I feel so sad—I cannot help looking sad—and it is so terrible, at eighteen, to have no hope, no pleasure in one's life. If I were to tell papa all! But then he would hate Mr. Carthen. He wonders already, were to tell papa all? But then he would hate Mr. Carthen. He wonders already, I know, by the wistful way in which I often find him looking at me. Mamma sees nothing; and she is so proud of Clementina,, she would be sure to think her in the right. What must I do? Where must I go? How can I escape from my very self?"

"You had better marry the marquis," said Lady Clementina, as if she were an-

do."
"I can remain as I am."
"Yes," said Lady Clementina, in soft, sly tones; "in order to make my whole married life miserable."

"How?"
"Mr. Carthen could not help seeing that you were keeping single for his sake; and though he loves me best now, seeing you so constant, he might come, at last to believe that he had made a "Mow. Carthen could not help seeing that you were keeping single for his sake; and though he loves me best now, at last to believe that he had made a mistake."

Lady Clementina could even appeal to Lina's feelings, after having wronged her so bitterly! But a woman who has no heart herself is always able to calculate her effect coolly on the hearts of others.

Poor Lina, driven, as it were, into a Poor Lina, driven, as it were, into a wind seeing no way out of her.

"All like the look of things, father, I can that "Nor I, but we must take our chance. I don't see what there is to bring us in."

"All, that's true! He's a sneak and a coward both, and when you get the two together you may look out for everything that's bad. And the worst of its, you have offended him."

"I'd soorn to be friends with such as him, father."

"Not unless you choose. I am sure forever. the marquis seems very kind." "You thought "I have been a work to thought thought "I have been a work to be poor?"

'I suppose so."
'Or to his servants?"

"That is quite a different thing—"
"Not at all," interrupted Lina, ve-mently. "It is by these things that

hemently. "It is by these things that you find out a man's real disposition. A erciful man is even merciful to his

allowances to be made for him. His first twife died early, and he has never had children to care for him, or a living creature to feel for his loneliness. With a young wife, he would, no doubt, be a different man altogether; and I am sure he seems entirely devoted to you and your interests."

"I don't want his different man his different man altogether; and I am sure he are not support the seems of the widow, Mary thin and white, but anxious evidently to make her welcome as conspicuous as possible to all her neighbors.
"How do you do, Nat? and what is old Mark about? I haven't seen him down our way for nearly a fortnight now."

Nat felt almost asham.

your interests."

"I don't want his devotion," said
Lina, petulantly. "He is old enough to
be my grandfather!"

"What does that signify?"

a great advantage for such a young person as you to have a husband older and wiser than yourself."

"What could I and the marquis have in common? Supposing I loved him dearly—and I hate him!—I could but the property of the property as I could but the property of the pro at such short happiness as I could ook for with a man of seventy." grieve at such short ha only look for with a m

'I don't believe he is seventy.''
'Then he is very near it, Clementina,

Then he is very near it, Clementina, is hair is as white as snow."

venentina was in earnest. It was sary that Lina should marry the

marquis, under any circumstances; and the poor child, desperate with her sor-row and shame, was very malleable ma-terial in the other's hands. She held out still; but Lady Clementina was not discouraged, and returned to the attack. "His hair being gray," she said, "can be of no consequence."

"His hair being gray," she said, "can be of no consequence."
"It's quite white," interrupted Lina.
"Well, then, white. Nothing looks more venerable."
This last adjective was a mistake, and Lady Clementina was conscious of that fact, when Lina, caught her up sharply.
"Why should it be necessary for my husband to be venerable, when I am only eighteen?"
"I did not say that it was necessary, but it is certainly desirable, for you are

"I did not say that it was necessary, but it is certainly desirable, for you are ignorant of the world and its ways, and need some one near you who is better informed than yourself."

"And so I am to marry a man of seventy?"

"You seem to dwell a good deal upon the age of the marguis."

"You seem to dwell a good deal up-the age of the marquis."
"Of course; so would you. How could he sympathize with me in any of my tastes and pursuits? What real union could there ever be between a young girl just commencing life, and a man of his are?" age?"
Clementina touched the fender with

Clementina touched the render with the toe of her satin boot impatiently, and brought all the fire-irons rattling to the ground. Lina, whose nerves were in an irritable state, from over excite-ment, uttered a faint shriek. "Don't be so absurd!" said Clemen-

"I thought it was some one coming," sighed Lina.
"And supposing some one had come, it wouldn't have been an ogre, I dare

"And supposing some one has come, it wouldn't have been an ogre, I dare say."

"I would rather see an ogre than the Marquis of Dawford."

If Lina had been less generous, how easily she might have retaliated: As it was, the idea never struck her to remind Clementina how she had once pined and sickened for the self-same cause.

"Mr. Carthen said, to-night, he was sure you would not marry the marquis," said Clementina, slowly. "So it seems as if he knew the extent of his own influence. In any case, he advises that you should be sent away before our wedding, as he fears you would make a scene at the ceremony, and render us all ridiculous."

"He need not be afraid," said Lina, almost choking with passion and shame. "I will take care not to spoil the proceedings by any inconvenient display of feeling."

"We shall both be so dreadfully ner-

feeling."
"We shall both be so dreadfully ner-

"We shall both be so dreadfully nerdous. You have never been taught to
control yourself, Lina; you know that."
"I can learn, anyhow."
"I quite agree with Mr. Carthen that
if you could be comfortably settled before, it would be a great thing for you."
"I am exceedingly obliged to you both
for your kind suggestion." And then
she added, in a voice tremulous with
such rage as Lina had never felt before
in all her life, "I may, perhaps, take his
advice, and settle comfortably, as he
terms it; but if I do, mind this, Clementina—you are my sister, and I will always welcome you to my house; but when
you come, come alone. And now I am
tired and sleepy, and it is close upon
twelve o'clock. Good night."

THE SPIRIT'S SECOND VISIT.

Where must I go? How can I escape from my very self?"

"You had better marry the marquis," said Lady Clementina, as if she were answering Lina's passionate thought.

"Never!" was the reply, spoken the more vehemently that Lina hardly trusted her own resolution.

"I do not know what else you can do."

"I can remain as I am."

"Yes," said Lady Clementina, in soft, sly tones; "in order to make my whole married life miserable."

"It wonder he had sense enough."

"Those daft creatures are often very cunning."

cunning."
"It seems as if they was. I don't half like the look of things, father, I can

Poor Lina, driven, as it were, into a corner, and seeing no way out of her difficulties, bent over the fire and let the tears fall on her clasped hands.

"You are to have the man you love; and I, who never cared for money or rank, so that I might only be happy, and to marry an old man, who has not even groodness to recommend him! It seems to recommend him! It seems

to marry an old man, who has not even goodness to recommend him! It seems to me, Clementian, that you are to have everything, and I am to be utterly despoiled?"

"You will be a marchioness, child."

"And the most miserable woman that was stright at the other's heart. A wounded man may tell tales—a dead man is quite the seems of the control of the co man may tell tales—a dead man is quiet

You may depend that was his

thought."
"There's no doubt about it." "Or to his servants?"

"You must ask them that question."

"Then why should he be kind to extent of his fears. When breakfast was extent of his fears. When breakfast was over, Nat started, as usual, in search of work. As usual, he returned at dusk, disappointed; even more, bitterly pained and annoyed. As he passed through the village, the only eyes that met his willingly, the only lips that gave him greet-ing, were those of the widow, Mary

Mark about? I haven't seen him down our way for nearly a fortnight now." Nat felt almost ashamed to face this woman whom his silence wronged, so he said, with rather a penitent air, "Father's lost his work at Mr. Lowe's. Hasn't any

Lina, petuanuy.

be my grandfather?"

"What does that signify?"

"You would think it signified, Clementina, if he was going to be your husband."

"A with believe I should. I consider it know what folks are saying?"

"No."

"One tom you.

"No; come in."

"Nat stepped just inside the door, reluctantly, and she closed it sharp upon him.

"I want a word with you. Do you know what folks are saying?"

"No."

this day are not to go an inch beyond these four walls. You understand? Keeping quiet is my only chance, only I wanted you to know that I trust you perfectly, and haven't any thought of your being the man. I'll work to get the real murderer convicted, and I've a geeling that it will come right in the end. So that even if they was to take you to prison, you'd know I was busy trying to bring it home to him (I won't say who), and that he should take you replace on the scaffold, even if I couldn't get him until the eleventh hour."

a hare out of his seat as they walked, and ive to was busy in front of a lie to screen anybody; and so, if you'll go to the cottage, you'll find he wasn't only right when he said that there wasn't a scrap of food anywhere to keep us front starving."

Wery well, then; come along, "Lawrence said. "If you have told the truth it may stand in your favor, for I don't expect they'll bring any charge against you except posching."

It makes me young again when I get into the woods. And yet, somehow, I don't feel as if I should ever come out here any more."

and that he should take your place on the scaffold, even if I couldn't get him until the eleventh hour."

Nat shuddered.

"They would' convict me," he said, with a contidence he did not feel.

"The lawyers can do anything," said the widow, gently. "I wish they would let the whole business alone. I could manage it myself easy if they wouldn't meddle; it only wants time."

"If they take me up, I shall tell the truth, and the whole truth," said Nat. "I wouldn't take a friend's ain on my shoulders, much more an enemy's."

"Nat," she said, solemnly, "if you know anything, I beseech you to speak at once. To morrow it may be too late."

"Look here, Mary!" he said, in an earnest tone, "I know that you'll believe better than that I raised my arm against your husband, oven to strike him. He was doing his duty, and he was never harsh over it, as some are. He'd a right to be against me, and I knew it; and though I meant to get away, of course I never meant to harm him. But, you see, I was there, and saw what took place, and I might come in for it as well as others. And, besides, there's something goes against the grain in turning informer."

"Yet to asve yourself, Nat."

"I'll speak if they force me to, but not before."

"I'll speak if they force me to, but not before."
"If that should be too late to do you any good?" she urged.
"Ah! it wou't. Come, Mary, I've always said you were the bravest woman I had ever seen; you aren't getting a coward now by chance, are you?"
"Trouble has not done that yet. I can keep up until it is all over. I don't know what will become of me afterwards, and I shouldn't care either, if it waan't for my little ones."
"They shan't want, all the while I'm living."

"They shall a way."
She looked at him earnestly.
"Nay," she said; "you'll have enough
to do to keep your own children, some of
these days."
"I doubt not, Mary."
"Why?"

"I doubt not, Mary."
"Why?"
"I shall wait until your little Mary is ready to marry," he said, with an attempt at playfulness; "and then she will laugh at me for an old fellow, and send me about my business, and that's how my wooing will end."
"Now's the time for on to go to wooing."

"Not with that hanging over me, and the old man wanting me at home; Mary. My hands will be full until it will be too late to think of such things, it strikes Mat said no more, and there was no

Nat said no more, and there was no-thing he ought to have counted upon in what she had said, and yet she had a more comfortable feeling about her chil-dren's future, somehow, than she ever had before. There are men whose light-est word is more valuable than another's

Mary went back to her work, and Nat returned home. From old Mark's cot-tage you could see the Point, and Nat, standing on his door-step, lingering a standing on his door-step, lingering a little, saw a strange procession coming slowly out from under the trees. There were three men and a few boys, and something carried in their midst, fearful to think upon, still more fearful to see. He dashed open the door, and sprang through breathless.

"Pull down the blind, father," he ex-claimed, "pull down the blind. They

claimed, "pull down the blind. The

past."
"Why, Nat, you're mad!" answered

"Why, Nat, you're mad!" answered
the old man, sternly. "Do you want
them to think we did it?"
"They think so now, father!"
"How do you know?
"Mary Flax told me they did."
"She doean't accuse you?"
"I fancy she knows the truth, only
she's keeping quiet in order to put him
off his guard."
At this minute there was a dark
shadow and sows the window. Nat sat
down and covered his eyes.

shadow acupos the window. Nat sat down and covered his eyes.

"Tell me when they have passed,

father."
A few seconds' silence, and then old
Mark said, "They are gone now, lad."
"Who was with 'em—did you see?
"Lawrence was one; I didn't see any

"And Joe?" 'He might have been there, but if so

he stooped passing the window."

"He's as sly as a fox."

"I tell you what," said old Mark, rising to his feet and stretching himself; "sitting idle at home doesn't suit me. I'll go out with you to night if I live "sitting idle at home doesn't suit me. I'll go out with you to-night, if I live long enough. The fresh air and the excitement will do me a world of good. There's nothing so bad for a man as sitting moping at home. And we shall be starving again, if we don't take care."

"Perhaps we shall find supper ready for us again to-night."

"No such luck, Nat, you may depend. Such miracles as that only happen once in a way."

pend. Such miracies as that only happen once in a way."

"We'll get off as soon as it is a little darker; shall we?"

"Ah! I'm ready at any moment."

"I expect they'll have enough to think about this evening, without looking after us," Nat remarked. "Only I don't see

ach use in going; we've no Old Mark pointed to something on the able, and chuckled. "What is it?"

"What is it?"
"Why, enough powder and shot for two charges, that's what it is."
"Where did it come from?"
"I scraped it out of the drawers. I'd nothing to do all day, and that amused

me."
"I never thought I'd wasted so much."

"You see, lad, when people have plenty, they don't take no account of it. Then you come to want, and set to work to pick up the crumbs left from an old meal."

"That's true," answered Nat; and created the don't and looked out. It was

"They are saying that you killed my Jim."

"Who says so?" inquired Nat, with sudden fierceness; "who dared father that lie?"

"That is what I want to know. I've got my suspicions, only I keep quiet, you see, because it's best. If I hold my tongue and watch, I shall have him yet."

"Who shall you have?"

"Ah!" she said, "that is my secret.
And mind you, Nat, my words to you

Mark shouldered his gun: they stirred

a hare out of his seat as they walked, and it went scudding away in front of them; but old Mark would not fire—tissue was too doubtful, and his powder and shot too scanty to make it worth while.

But it was a hard effort to restrain himself.

"This is something like," said old Mark, drawing a deep, long breath. "If makes me young again when I get lito the woods. And yet, somehow, I don't feel as if I should ever come out here any more."

"Who accuses my lad?" saked the old man, stoutly.

"You'll see," said Lawrence. "Come along."

there are more."

"Why not?"

"I can't tell; it's only a feeling I have.
Look out, Nat."

"What is it?"

Nat had the gun now, and old Mark
took it from him.

"I'm the best abot, he said; "let me
fire."

"I'm the best shot, he sam; "I'm the best shot on a partridge, father; it isn't big enough for two."
"Nay," said o'd Mark; "that's as fine a pheasant as ever you saw. Whist, Nat, don't stir."
It was just light enough to see the bird rising on the wing, as if suddenly disturbed at roost by the sound of voices and steps.

and steps.
Old Mark fixed, and the bird fell dead at his feet, the warm life-blood sprinkling his cheek.
He felt for it on the ground, and then

"No more firing now," he said; "we are sure of something for dinner to-

morrow."

The words had scarcely passed his lips, when a sudden, stealthy hand was at his throat. "Nat," gasped the old poacher, "why, what the deuce—"

what the deuce—"
"Leave go, father; you'll choke me,"
muttered Nat, confused and breathless.
"Silence!" exclaimed the steru voice
of Lawrence, the keeper. "We have
you fast now;" and before Nat could
utter another word, he found himself
helpless.

"What is this for?" he asked, pre-sently, and tried to speak in a bold

sently, and fried to speak in voice.

"For murder!" echoed old Mark.
"What, my lad?"
"Ay, Mark Greysome," answered Lawrence, "if you'd brought up your son different you would never have seen this sight. But as you sow so shall you the seen that the sight.

this sight. But as you are to reap."

"For murder!" repeated the old man, incredulously, yielding to a kind of dull despair. "I don't deny that I've learnt him to take a bird here and there, where he could get it; but as for killing a fellow creature, why the boy has such a tender heart, that he wouldn't heart a fly, knowingly."

now."
"No, I shan't; but the birds that fly in the air, and the fishes that swim in the sea, belong to me as much as they do to Lord Dacre, or Mr. Carthen, or any one clse. God never meant such things for the rich alone; on the contrary, I believe they was sent as a provision for the shrine of the occult?

poor."
"Perhaps you'll keep up the preserves, then, and pay me?" said Lawrence, jeeringly. "I don't see why you should have all the profit, and none of the pain."

They passed Lanadown Point in silence.

A kind of awe crept over the men, a shuddering horror, as they caught, ever so dimly, more in imagination than in fact, the dark outline of the gaping grave. It was a relief to all when old Mark's continue was reached.

It was a relief to all when old Mark's cottage was reached.

Nat offered to show them where a light was to be found—though, with his manaled hands, he could not strike, a match. But when the candle was placed on the table, a bitter cry of dismay broke from the lips of the two poachers.

A plentiful, even luxurious supper was spread out on the board daintily; knives, forks and plates laid for two, and mugs ready to hold the sparkling amber ale, with which the bottle was filled up to the neck.

"I tell you what," sneered Lawrence,
"I don't care how often I staive, if this
is the way you do it! You must have
forgotten that your supper was set, Mark,
I should fancy!"
In vain the two peachers explained

it off old Mark's person in their presence.

Lawrence was not inclined to be lenient. Human nature enjoys the petty vonguances that circumstances render casy. Many a night's rest had Lawrence lost through old Mark and his son; and for each one of these he paid his prisoners back in a jeer as to their famishing condition, or a more direct menace respecting Nat's future fate; which made old Mark, remembering his dream, feel as if the chill of death had well-nigh reached his own heart.

[TO BS CONTINUED.]

be could go it, but as for killing a feliuse be beart, that he wouldn't heart a fly, who wingly:

"That he'll have to prove," answered Lawrence, who, naturally, would feel no sympathy for old Mark and his son after the trouble they had given him. "field he can be springly for old Mark and his son after the trouble they had given him. "field him he can be prove he has a right to be."

"I shall tell the whole truth, now 'I'm forced to it; and the real nurdeer will have to suffer, not me. 'I'm not afraid to meet the whole would face to face if it comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which is the world face to face if it comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which we will be a the control of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to that which upon his goolers of the comes to the co flamed up, and she hoarsery gasterned to her petrilled and sympathetic neighbors who had followed her home, "They bors who had followed her home, and Mrs. Jones are

Universal Dissatisfaction often do we see persons who wish to be taken for what they are not. The hoy apes the man; the man affects the ways of boyhood. The sailor envies the lands man's lot; the landsman, for pleasure, goes to sea. The business man who matter it hat light. Anyhow, Master Lawrence, whatever me and my father have been before, I swear to you we was only poaching to-night to save ourselves from starving. We didn't know where to look for a meal to-morrow, or the next look for a meal to-morrow or the next look for a meal to-morrow or the next look for a meal to-morrow or the two day, or any day after; for though I've been all over the country after work, no one would look at me. I'm sure, if Mr. Carthen knew the truth, he d let him go. I'll go off to prison myself without a murmur; but father's an old man, and if you coop him up between four stone walls he'll just pine to death."

"Peace, lad!" said old Mark, "Where you can go, I can go. Only, I suppose, they won't be so more form the windows on the to-mark they are not. The boy apes the man; the man affects the ways of boyhood. The sailor shows man who man's lot; the landsman, for pleasure, goes to sea. The business man who must travel from town to town, and from country to country, dreams of the dawn in the often do we see persons who wish to be taken for what they are not. The boy walls he'll just pine to death."

"Peace, lad!" said old Mark. "Where you can go, I can go. Only, I suppose, they won't be so good as to put us together — we who have never been parted a single night since the day you was born——"

His voice broke down a little here; but the said to see the world while the transfer and have a fine flexible tail, and sail abroat to see the world while the transfer. was born—

His voice broke down a little here; but he rallied at once, and added, boldly, "I abroad to see the world, while the traveled fish looks with an eye of envy on the owner of should soon be creeping to the prison door, and asking to be let in, just for the sake of being in the same place as my

RECORDED TO

To REMOVE TATEOU MARK, Blister the park with a plaster a little larger than the mark; then keep the place open with a green eliment for a week; finally, sives it to get well. As the new akin grows, the latter will disappear.

grows, the latter will disappear.

To RESTORD POLISH FOR MARKE.—
The best way of restoring the polish to a black marble chimney-piece is to cover it with a small quantity of oil, and after thoroughly rubbing it into the marble, to leave it for some hours, and afterwards polish it up with soft doths or washpolish it up with soft cloths or wash-leather.

That FOR GOLD AND SILVER.—A good
That for of lunar caustle, fixed with

Test for Gold and Silver.—A good test is a piece of lunar caustic, fixed with a pointed piece of wood. Highly wet the metal to be tested, and rub it gently with the caustic. If gold or affer, the mark will be faint; but if an inferior metal, it will be quite black. Jewelers who purchase old gold often use this test.

To Remove Paint Stairs from Glass Windows.—It frequently happens that painters splash the plate or other glass windows when they are painting the sills. When this is the case, melt some soda in very hot water, and wash them with it, using a soft flannel. It will entirely remove the paint.

is the way you do it! You must have forgotten that your supper was set, Mark, I should fance?"

In vain the two poachers explained and protested. It was, of course, so improbable that anyone should take the trouble to bring them food, and set it ready for their enjoyment, that it was hardly expected the keepers, and other men with them, should believe their account of the tale.

Nat did not care for himself. The darge of murder was one that could not be affected by the minor accusation, only as proving lris character to be generally bad in the eyes of the jury; but he would fain have left his father behind.

They searched them both; and Lawrence, by right of his master, took possession of the pheasant, and called upon all the others to note that he had taken it off old Mark's person in their presence.

Lawrence was not inclined to be lenient. Human nature enjoys the perty vengeances that circumstances render easy. Many a night's rest had Lawrence lost through old Mark and his son; and for each one of these he paid his prisoners back in a jeer as to their famishing condition, or a more direct menace respecting Nat's future fate; which made old Mark, remembering lris dream, feel in the chill of death had well-nigh reached his own heart.

To an CONTINUED.



"It wouldn't be his conscience, I should say."

"I am neither a murderer nor a liar," said Nat; "and I never took a single thing that didn't belong to me, in all my life."

"You'll deny having been a poacher, now."

"No. I shan't; but the birds that fly in to be retriefed and sympathy graphed out in life as ours are now. They passed had no igniting principles. But the fifth away as a vapor, while nature wore the barned steadily; and the struggle which had evidently been going on in darkness, the fearful spasm which might be hydro-phobia, perhaps, passed off as the wick likewise, shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; to be retriefed and sympathy the world will have the same function. the world will have the same fur winding on its way, and the attraction for winding on its way, and the attraction for offspring that she once had for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. A little while, and all this will have hap-pened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, and the grave, clods will be thrown in, and our friends will all return, and we shall be left behind to darkness and to the worms. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very cham-ber in which we died; and the eyes will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our nam

GOOD ADVICE. -- At a recent marriage of a young lady the following advice we given to the bride by her father. W recommend its perusal and remembrance by newly married couples. They are truly "words of wisdom," and descrying to be framed in every household in the land: " Never talk at, but to each other. Never both maintain anger at the same time. Never speak loud or botsterously to each other. Never reproach each other in presence of others. Never find fault or fret about what cannot be helped. Never repeat an order or request when understood. Never make a remark at the other's expense. Neglect everybody else rather than each other."

THE blindness of the understanding is as much to be pitied as the bimdness the eyes; and it is neither laughable nor criminal for a man to lose his way in either case.



Saturday Evening, Nov. 14, 1874.

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NEXT WEEK!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

The Lone Star of Texas.

By CHARLES MORRIS.

This facinating Indian Remance founded on a thrilling episode of the

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Startling Incidents.

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Amid its sparkling characters of fiction are introduced real and solid men and women, with numberless facts of undoubted listory. No efforts of the imagination can equal these startling realities these lights and shadows of

EARLY BORDER LIFE AND INDIAN

We confidently predict that

the policy on the Power was received.

The policy on the Power was received. The policy of the substitute in the policy of the manufacture in the policy of the manufacture in the policy of the polic

Our arrangements for Literary matter-Serials, Tales, Sketches, Poems, in addition to contributions to all our cial Departments—are very full and

THE POST during the coming year diffeomain a larger fund of instruction, maximum and entertainment than can e procured, for the same terms, in any

LEADET BY MEAST. ...

One beguing and one beguind. A bearded man by a more size which from the eye went a searlet from two from under a tree in the wood.

Two hips eyes may beguite a king. (helden hair is a disagreese thing, and on artful giange oft seemeth ch). Lare to attract a lefter's eye.

Two names rul in the beach tree deep, Two young hearts in a flatter keep; Cliasped hands lingering on the bark— Was that a kizs or a whisper? Hark:

Who means low, with an earmost breath, figurals of a fove that shall lead till death; Who looks down with a tearful eye.
Staff with a smile, and half with a sigh?

'Tis the old, old story, I suppose, And the pupil at last the lesson knows: Ever 'twas lhas, and 'we'll ever be, When the world has forgotica both you and me.

WHO WAS IT?

AN OLD LADY'S STORY.

And now, I have to tell you something that is just as strange as can be, never have been able to reconcile it. After my sister Lucinda and my brother Rafus married, there were only two grown children left in the family, John and I.

and I.

John was father's oldest son. He was twenty-four years old, and always had been strong and well until that summer when Rufus went on his own farm. Then John began to have a cough, and to seem weak and tired.

But he worked on, taking this thing and that for his cough, until winter. Then he seemed so ill that the doctor advised him not to expose himself to the

Then John beg.

Then John beg.

To seem weak and tired.

But he worked on, taking this and that for his cough, until winter.

Then he seemed so ill that the doctor advised him not to expose himself to the bad weather; and so he gave up work, and appeared altogether exhausted. He sat in a chair by the bearth, reading, or leaning back and doing nothing but suffering; for it gave him the sideache dreadfully to cough so. Mother tried all kinds of things on him, but nothing seemed to help him at all.

I could see that father and mother were worried; but nothing much was said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not bear to flosing another. She never all for the could have a said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not bear to flosing another. She never all for the could have a said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not bear to flosing another. She never all for the could have a said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not bear to flosing another. She never all for the could have the could not bear to said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not bear to flosing another. She never all for the could not bear to said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not bear to flosing another. She never all for flosing another. She never all flosing another it is for for Rosa Smith. It is a said that our agreems nonsense. Rosa Smith is a nice girl. Go for Rosa Smith.

A shade passed over Fred Marston's careless, handsome face.

"I have gone for Rosa Smith."

said. Mother never had lost but one child, a baby, and she could not hear to think of losing another. She wever allowed but that John would be at work again in the spring.

About the middle of January a great thaw set in. The sun came out, warm and bright, and the ice began to melt, and the etreams to run. Even the grass grew green along the edges of the paths and on the southern slopes. John seemed pretty well that day, and mother and I wanted to go over to Rufus's house; so we left my little sister Malvina to keep house, and started just before noon. You see, Rufus and Lucinda had their first baby, and mother had been trying for a week to get over and see it. It was a little girl, as fat as butter, and Lucinda said that she was going to call it Eumy, after ma.

It was about three o'clock when we started home. The sun was warm, and a beautiful balmy wind was blowing. There were brooks gurgling along the road side, and the trees were all dripping.

a beautiful balmy wind was warm, and a beautiful balmy wind was blowing. There were brooks gurgling along the road-side, and the trees were all dripping. Just as we came in sight of the house, we saw Malvina out at the back among the residence.

the poultry.

There was a little garden in front-There was a little garden in trout-some cherry trees in it, an apricot at the gate, and borders for old-fashioned flowers. The front door was open; and, plainly as ever I saw anything in my life, I saw my brother standing on the steps, looking down at the black, wet

were gathering flower seeds in the little garden; all the doors of the house were open; we could hear Mally singing about ther work. Mother gathered the seeds, and I made them into little packages and disheveled hair, rushed towards them.

and I made them into little packages and marked them.

I looked up suddenly, and saw John on the front stairs, with his face towards us. He was looking quite happy—different from what I had seen him look for a whole year. He had on his dressing-gown and slippers, and carried a book in his hand.

"Why, John!" she cried, hurrying towards the door.

But she did not meet him. I followed her up-stairs. We opened John's chamber door. He sat in his arm-chair before the fire, his chin on his breast, quite dead. He still held a book in his hand, opened at a page the leaf of which had been turned down; and so easily had he did down; and he has begin an honorable and prosperous career.

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

I have heard of what they call "seeing mediums" in these modern times. Perhaps I am one—I won't know. You may reconcile these things so. I have never been able to, at all.

ROSA'S GHOST.

BY MAURICE F. EAGAN.

steps, looking down at the black, wet garden.

"Why, mother," I cried, "John ought not to be out so?"

"How?" asked mother, looking around.

But John had gone.

"Why, out on the doorstep," returned I, "and with neither hat or coat on."

"John wouldn't do anything so foolish as that," said mother, starting and hurrying on.

"All right," said Fred, indifferently. All places were alike to him now. The bright dream that he had cherished was of the faded past. Rosa—gentle, blue-eyed itosa—could never be his! There was no one to blame but himself. He had been reckless, extravagant, thought-less, and his punishment had come.

In a few days, Fred said good-bye to his only living relation—sollish, inconsistent, good-natured Uncle George—and left New York for Philadelphia.

Uncle George's house was a stately

and disbeveled hair, ruanes towards them out of the gloom.

"I've seen him—I've seen his ghost! Ho a come back to haunt me?" she cried, covering her face with her hands, and knocking the segar out of her father's

ferent from what I had seen him look for a whole year. He had on his dressing-gown and allippers, and carried a book in his hand.

"Why, mother," said I, "John is coming down stairs."

"Why, mother, and she saw him, loo!" and she saw him, loo!" she cried, hurrying towards the door.

"Why, John" she cried, hurrying when his uncle arrived. Fred handed when his uncle arrived. Fred handed when his uncle arrived. Fred handed when his uncle arrived.

BY H. WATSON FLEWING.

No. 6. TWO WHISPERS.

A certain nutuber of days ago, my attention was directed towards a young man, of not altogether prepossessing appearance, who appeared to be waiting nearly opposite to my window for the appearance, who appears to be waiting nearly opposite to my window for the coming of some other person. His coun-tenance was expressive of vacant insipi-dity, his gait irregular, and his manner-confused. His dress was nondescript, very effective, no doubt, but quite inappropriate either to business occupation or to

ate either to business occupation or to the pursuits of legitimate pleasure. He paced backward and forward, from corner to corner, with an air of self-satisfaction ludierous to behold. Sometimes he stroked the corners of a very pale moustache, at others he bit the fingers of his curiously tinted gloves; and after waiting some time, I noticed that his step quickened, a sickly smile passed over his face, and he advanced with an extended hand towards a young lady who was approaching quietly.

A sweet little creature she was, too. Her innocent face were a pleased expres-

A sweet little creature she was, too.
Her innocent face were a pleased expression, and she blushed a little as she recognized the man. She was by no means beautiful, but she was tastefully appareled. Her quiet dress contrasted strangely with his dandy gaudiness, and the strangely with his dandy gaudiness, and there was a quiet attractiveness in her to fee applearing generally, which interested me very much. She could not have been more than sixteen, I think, and I looked from her to her companion. Were they levers? If so, I pitted her exceedingly.

from her to be completed her exceedingly. She gave him her hand with a confiding smile—a dair little hand it was. He raised it to its lips.

This act of gallantry convinced me of itself that there was something wrong. No gentleman would have attempted such a breach of etiquette in the public street.

I had partly expected was morally certain that previous to our conversation the lady had said to her friend:

"I am growing quite uneasy about Ethel. Do you know she frequently leaves home upon all manner of excuses in the secondary."

And she had admitted to me that this same Ethel would leave town alone on

Smith."

"He's a self-made man," said Fred, maliciously.

"So am I, str—so am I! I've blacked boots in my time—and that's more than old Smith can say. But I am going to Europe. While I am away, your allowance will be one-half the present sum. You must learn to be economical. You'll go to Philadelphia, and live in my house there until I come back. That will saw sorry for her, and wondered how it would she discover her error, or did she love him despite all obstacles; and was it in his power to make her happy?

"All right," said Fred, indifferently, All places were alike to him now. The bright dream that he had cherished was of the faded past. Rosa—gentle, blue.

ance with this Adonis, towards whose face her eyes turned lovingly. I was sorry for her, and wondered how it would all end. Would she discover her error, or did she love him despite all obstacles; and was it in his power to make her happy?

A few hours later they passed my window again. The same quiet confidence seemed to exist between them. If had evidently exerted, his utmost power of fascination. Her hand rested upon his arm, and she was listening intently to his conversation. They parted at the spot where they had met, and his last words were uttered in that peculiar whisper which is so much more easily overheard than the ordinary tone of voice. I caught the following words:

"Remember, develing, Wednesday, at eleven, The — depot,"

Was it an elopement he was planning? I thought so. She was confused, but I saw that she assented to his desire, and was left to not the point of the promise to be at the correspondent of the promise of the promise to be at the following words:

"Remember, develing, Wednesday, at eleven, The — depot,"

Was it an elopement he was planning? I thought so. She was confused, but I saw that she assented to his desire, and was left to not the promise to be at the course, the reader knows the sequel. The languid Adonis, in the extraordinary continuing the use of bronze guns and the rest depotation of this desire, and was left to not the political promised to arrange of the little because where she could see with the course, the reader knows the sequel. The languid Adonis, in the extraordinary continuing the use of bronze guns and the rest depotation of the politic promised to the continuing the use of bronze guns and the rest depotation of the politic promised to the cause of the little part for some place where she could see with the cavalier of yesterday, that I induced my traveling companion to postpone her journed to the cavalier of yesterday, that I induced my traveling companion to postpone her journed to the cavalier of yesterday, that I induced my traveling companion to postpone dence seemed to exist between them. He had evidently exerted his utmost power of fascination. Her hand rested upon his arm, and she was listening intently to his conversation. They parted at the spot where they had met, and his last words were uttered in that peculiar whisper which is so much more easily overheard than the ordinary tone of voice. Leancht the following words.

In that possibility, was it my duty to interfere?

The next words made me more certain that Ethel and my heroine were the same person.

phat Ethel and my heroine were the same person."

"She will issue for the country to-morrow. I hope the change will do her good. Her aunt has promised to take charge of her for a few weeks."

I felt that I must speak then. It occurred to me that if I had a daughter who had formed a secret attachment to a man like the one I had seen last night, I should look upon the information as an act of great kindness. I might be wrong. I must use great caution, then there could be no harm resulting from word of mine.

mine.

"Pardon me," I said, "is your daughter a young lady of some sixteen years, and does she sometimes wear—" (here I described the dress of the young girl).

The lady looked at me for a moment in blank astonishment, and being apparents a stricted with her security.

in blank astonishment, and being apparently satisfied with her scrutiny, she answered, "yes."

"She will leave the city from the

depot?" (naming the depot the young man had appointed yesterday).

The lady answered "yes" again.
"Pardon me. I have good reason for asking these questions," I continued.
"Was the date and time of her departure fixed by yourself or by the young lady?"

The person addressed evidently thought

The person addressed evidently thought me insane, but she answered my question, and her answer gave me the clue I needed.

"My daughter remarked last evening that she would like to visit her aunt tomorrow, and that, with my permission, she would leave by the morning train. The invitation has been standing some time. I was to have accompanied my daughter. Unfortunately, I am called to a distant city upon business this afternoon."

a distant exp upon a mone."

"I think I shall induce you to post-pone your journey," I remarked. "Will you mind answering me one more question? Has the young lady any male friend? I mean, is there any young gentleman she meets by an appointment, where your permission to do so?"

"Certainly not." said the lady, indig-nantly. "My daughter is much too young to accept any attentions from gentlemen."

Then I described to her the meeting I Then I described to ner the meeting, had witnessed with the languid and gorgeously gotten up Adonis. I spoke of his manner toward the young lady, and of the appointment he had made with

her.
"You are mistaken," said the matron, frigidly.
"The young lady was not

In less than a week, the Smiths were large sight page journal, printed on fine white pager, beautifully illustrated, one home. Now the likeos around the house, had just per the bookest reading matter, will be sent, port age raining robust for long matter, will be sent, port age raining of the dolicioset reading matter, will be sent, port age raining of the dolicioset reading matter, will be sent, port age raining of strayer of the flowers.

To sizula subscineurs.

One copy, four months, \$1.00

One copy, four months, \$1.00

To cluss.

The completing the car I was followed but as there is to one was a different property to the best of the compenhing towns. In the dolicioset reading matter, will be sent, between the stone wall opposite the house, I saw my brother John under the like bushes breaking off sprays of the flowers.

The less than a week, the Smiths were to to compenhing town.

New Yorks, Cett. 1, 1572.

New Yorks, Cett. 1, 1572.

Dawn Nernew - I changed my mind about give to blooked promote the color way between the stanger of the dolicioset reading matter, will be sent, between the stanger of the dolicioset reading off sprays of the flowers.

To struct copies, one year, or strayed per to copy. Gue year, lot the class their seem came so pleasantly into the dolicioset in the control of the co night. Towards morning he seemed better. I was sitting beside him when he looked around.

"Emmy," said he, "what do you suppose made me so bad?"

"You were out in the east wind yesterday afternoon," said I; "perhaps that's it."

"I wan't out yesterday," he answered.

I thought he had been so ill that he did not remember.

Well, as I said, John never left his once he did.

It was in September. Mother and I

ONE of the bridesmalds at a recent Covington (Kentucky) wedding was the grandmother of the bride.

A MACHINE for removing ice and snow from the streets by means of superheated steam is one of the latest inventions.

A VIRGINIA paper laments that the raccoons are gradually but surely dying out in that State. One by one the rac-

coons rade.

It is said that the most dilapidated things to be seen in Chicago are the omnibuses. These venerable relies data before the fire.

A PARS paper says that forty-five thousand buildinches have their eyes put out every year in France, in order to make them sing. THE opera house burnt in Baltimore was the eighty-fifth theatre destroyed by fire in this country. Baltimore had previously lost four.

Among the fashionable trimmings devised by milliners for the coming season, are the heads and breasts of domestic pigeons of various colors.

THE Woman's Journal holds that it is not lying for a woman of forty to swear that her age is twenty-eight, providing that she is looking for a husband.

The location of the state of the s

THE longest name ever inflicted upon a child in Massachusetts was "Aldebaron-tiphosocofornia"—twenty-three letters!
The girl afterwards became the wife of a

QUEEN VICTOBIA has twenty-two living grandchildren, including the son of the Duchess of Edinburg, whose birth is announced by cable. Three other of her grandchildren have died.

A New treaty with Germany is spoken of as being desirable to protect German citizens of this country being compelled to perform military duty on revisiting the country of their nativity.

Reciew says The London Saturday Reciew says that chloral hydrate is used to a large extent in England to produce sleep, and that its effects are most injurious to the brains and nervous system of those who use it habitnally. LONDON recently had a barmaid show,

LONDON recently had a barmaid show, at which there were twenty-six competitors. The award of the prizes was made by the visitors, each of whom had a vote. One of the competitors was a substantial Hebe, weighing five hundred and eighty pounds. PROF. PURSER is trying to frighten

Prof. Purser is trying to frighten people by showing that the speed of the earth's revolution is gradually being retarded by the moon's influence upon the tides, so that the days and nights will some time become a month long. It is hardly worth while to lay awake nights on account of it, as a thousand million years must first clause.

STEAM POWER. -- Some statistics com-STEAN POWER.—Some statistics compiled by the Prussian Statistical Bureau seem to show that our country is really—one of the foremost nations in the world in the use of steam. Thus in stationary engines the comparison stands: United States, 40,191 engines, 1,215,711 horse-power; England, 40,000 engines, 996,405 horse-power; France, 27,041 engines, 325,507 horse-power. We also lead in locomotive engines, via: United States, 14,223 engines; Great Britain, 10,933; France, 4,933. Total steam engines, both stationary and locomotive, 3,900,000 horse-power in the United States, and 3,300,000 in Great Britain. It is only in ocean steamers that we are behind, via: ocean steamers that we are behind, viz.:
Great Britain, 3,061 steamers, 2,624,431
tonnage; United States, 403 steamers,
483,040 tonnage; Germany, 225 steamers,
171,039 tonnage. Before 1880 the account
will stand very different in ocean steamers.

But in the meantime on land we ers. But in the meantime on las

are indisputably supreme in steam power, being 500,000 horses ahead of Englands



THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY MARIE.

Once upon a time, when the plants had Once upon a time, when the plants had voices, and could talk like people, there lived a little boy and his sister, with their father and mother, in a beautiful valley by the side of a high mountain. One morning, when it was almost winter, the dear father said to his little son:
"Let us go to the great forest to-day, to bring home fuel for the winter fires, before the cold snow covers the broken branches."

When he had told the mother and when he had told the mother and sister they wept with him, and would not be comforted. Every day the sister took her knitting and sat by the bundle of faggots, at the foot of the rose tr.sc, and was comforted in spite of herself and the same are some and the same are some as the sa

was commorted in spite of nersell and sang awest songs.

In the meantime, the king of the fairies had fought the king of the brownies, and for the future; the wise work for both, for the bowels of she earth, and the flower-the bowels of she earth, and the flower-the forms of the future in the present, and for the present in the future.

fairies tended their flowers in peace. One day the queen remembered the boy that day the queen remembered the boy that ahe had saved from the brownies, and called for her chariot to visit the rose

"For," said she, "if it withered away and was ungrateful for my help, I will change it back into the boy again and let him go. But if I find it blooming and beautiful, I will give him a good "io."

and beautiful, I will give him a good gift."

So the queen rode through the air, on a road made of a sunbeam; and at the end of her journey, she found the rose tree full of flowers, although the anow lay on them. She was very much pleased, and touched it with her sceptre; and the boy stood before her, and began eagerly to thank her for her kindness.

"Go," said she, "because you are good and loving and have a thankful heart, I give you the will and power to please, and the love of all." With these words she passed from aight and was gone.

So the father went to look for his dear son, and the mother and sister wept at home.

The father followed the path until he came to the place where the boy had turned out of it; and there he saw the broken tree.

"Alas, alas!" said the father, "the wicked brownies have carried away my son; and I shall never see him again. Here is his bundle of faggots, at the foot of a rose tree!" And he wept sore.

When he had told the mother and sister they wept with him, and would not sister they were the boy had just leagunt their corn; "we couldn't rest without coming to see you; it seems such ages since our last visit."

"Thank you, friends," said a cute young Chiek; "I'm sure we are greatly obliged to you; and, it is only right to tell you that if you would come to inquire when the comment of the comment of the comment of the comment."

When he had told the mother and sister wept as the comment of the

HASTY words often rankle the wound

" HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH."

A Young Wife's Song. BY BERRI.

My cottage home is fill'd with light. The iong, long summer day. But, ah! I dearer love the night. And hail the sinking ray. For ever restores me one whose smile. Both more than morning's match—And life afresh seems dawning while. His hand is on the latch!

And shadows earlier fall, And grapes grow purple 'meath the caves Along our trelled wall— I dreaming sit—the sleepy bird Faint twittering in the thatch— To wake to joy when soft is heard His hand upon the latch!

Yes; I am his in storm and shine;
For me he toils all day;
And his true heart I know is mine,
Hoth near me and away.
And when he leaves our garden gate
At morn, his steps I watch—
Then patiently till yes await
His hand upon the latch!

trayed us." There was an instantaneous report of pistols, and the woman, throwing up her hands, fell back into the arms of one of the mon, with the blood gushing from her mouth. One of the robbers was also severely wounded, and the other felled by a blow from a club. They were both handeuffed and bound without difficulty, just as several figures, mostly in night robes, began to rush wildly from one room to another, giving a general alarm. The maid, Martha Stone, lay insensible upon the floor, and was at length borne away, and the police finally withdrew in order with their

And when the standard control and the standard

last, however, one of them grew impatient:

"We are a nice set of fools. You may stay if you choose, but I shall go back to quarters. It's about my time to go off."

The man he had addressed put a hand over his mouth.
"Hist! There is some one now."

The man he had addressed put a hand over his mouth.

"Hist." There is some one now."

Peering out, they could just discern three shadowy figures creeping along the serpentine walks towards the house. The men drew their pistols, one in each hand, waited a moment, and then followed. Jerry was still outside, and as he turned from listening to those who had entered, he was knocked down and gagged before he could utter a sound. The window stood open, and while one of them remained to guard the prisoner, the others vaulted in with no more noise than a cat. They waited again for a little, and then following the obscure light, mounted a richly carpeted flight of steps, and moved cautiously towards an open door, from which a low, grating that I know of surpassed me in personal or mental endowments. No he has, without cause, undertaken

sound now came forth. As they neared it, three abreast, the figure of a woman rushed wildly past them.

"Oh, Ned! Ned! You are lost?"

The policemen following with a bound, beheld two men standing by a cabinet, evidently striving to force it open. There was a strong odor of ether in the room. The detectives aprang forward with cocked platols, but before they could lose in on the robbers, one of them, had turned, with a secwl black as midnight, and as scathing as lightning:

"So, Jezobel, it is you who have betrayed us." There was an instantaneous report of pistols, and the woman, throw-size up her hands, fell back into the arms in the hands, fell back into the arms in her hands, fell back into the arms in the hands, fell back into the arms in the hands, fell back into the arms in the hands, fell back into the arms in her hands, fell back into the arms in the hands, fell back into the arms in the hands are the consolation of the first laws of nature,"

The detectives aprang forward that held it lay listlessly at her side, and the sam acroas her forehead was deepenent in thought, until a cruel fixity of purpose might be traced in the rigid lines about her mouth. While she lay list was not a solution of the part of the sound of voices, just outside in the part of the first laws of nature,"

"What was my fault?" she asked, softly.

"I would have been true to you," he control, incoherently, "I would have been true to you," he soluty.

"I would have been true to you," he soluty.

"I would have been true to you," he soluty.

"I would have been true to you," he soluty.

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"I would have been true to you," he soluty.

"I would have been true to you, "I we lead to the about the soluty.

"I would have been true to you, "I we lead to you will not you will not y

sage. The speakers were Dr. Westman and Eugene.

"Then I may have the consolation of knowing that he is decidedly better?" were the first words of the latter that caught her ear.

"There is no doubt of that."

"Do you consider him out of danger?"

Miriam sat studying the whole face as she had never done before.

"There is sternness in every line," ashe thought, "and an inflexibility of purpose that would stop at nothing short of death. It is clear that I shall have nothing to hope for if he lives." She placed her small, taper fingers upon his wrist, and the strong, bounding pulse still told of much physical vigor apart from the impetus which fever had given a hour, perhaps, when Mr. Danvers stirred again, and looking up, she saw that his eyes were open and staring wildly at her. She was a strong woman at all times, but her own heart gave a sudden leap, and a momentary expression fear overspread her countenance.

"I know you," muttered the sick man. "The face of Mary Houseman is not easily forgotten. You may come to look lasultingly on me at my dying hour in all the freshness of your wicked beauty; but you have nothing with which to taunt me. It was all your own fault."

breath and threw up his hands as if in agony.

"I am drowning," murmured, strug-diling violently. "All the waves and billows of the ocean are passing over me," and then he fell back again, unconscious as before.

She waited breathiessly until a deeper sleep had fallen on him, and applied the phial once more.

"Ah' this is death," she was thinking in the freshness of your wicked and was laid rudely upon her arm.

"Out of the way, Mrs. Danvers; you are trying to kill him."

Still cowering with fear, Miriam looked up and beheld only Mrs. Manning, who had thrust her unceremoniously back, and seizing Mr. Danvers was shaking him vigorously from side to side. A

eager interest.
"Well? In heaven's name was not

agony.
"I am drowning," murmured, strug-

more, and Miriam recovering possession, rose haughtily to her

fleet.

"I do not understand you," she said.
"Let use call Engene. You have gone mad, or then it is you who would murder him. In heaven's mens, are you walking in your sleep? What is it that you would not be the same of the same and the same are your sleep?

"Call him back to life, if it be not ready too late," replied the house-eper, sterely, still slapping Mr. Dangs rigorously in the face and moving m back and forth. "Thank God that did come in at the right moment. I uld not rest, and something seemed to calling me here. Ab, thank heaven' breathes again. Mrs. Danvers he is riving; one moment more and you ruld have stood a murderess before aven and me."

heaven and me."
"You still rave," said Mrs. Danvers,
meeringly, though with all her self-pon-assaion she could not conceal the look of haffled rage that flashed from her eyes.
"Should I inform Eugene of this insoeneath this roof many hours longer; but am so constituted that a servant cannot

"I do not know whether I am or ned," anid Mrs. Manning, bitterly. "Call your husband; you will not dare to tell him." "Will not dare to tell him what?

nent servants in his household?" asked Miriam, coolly. Sugarey.
"Will not teil him." replied the house-keeper, lifting a head as proud as her own, "that you are secretly attempting his father's life in the dead of night, when you had agreed to watch here. You know that he has an affection of the heart that would bring death from the inhalation of chloroform."
"I am surprised at myself that I bandy

"I am surprised at myself that I bandy words with you," said Miriam, with pro-voking saag-froid. "But I will say that words with you," said Miriam, with provoking sang-freid. "But I will say that I knew nothing of the sort. I was suffering with a severe headache, and had the chloroform for my own use; and I had even fancied that the smell of it might benefit Mr. Danvers, he was in such a paroayam of anflering. I knew nothing of his heart disease."

"You have the was in such a same boarding house, and you must change on the way. I tell you we shall be watched, and the first thing you know you mill be acceeded back to recommend.

of his heart disease."
"You had never heard?"
"No." The clear eyes looked through her, but they did not falter.
"I should be sorry to do you an injustice, Mrs. Danvers," said Maude, returning the gaze; "but I know more of you than you think; and without entirely." than you think; and without entirely knowing the cause, I am perfectly aware of the mutual dislike that has existed between you and Mr. Danvers since you came here; and before any court of justice the circumstance of your having chloroform here at this hour of the might would tend to excite suspicion."

"I don't see, I must say; it was here for my befiefit and not his."

This was strictly true, heaven knows, though not exactly as she intended Maude to understand it, and the two women looked at each other for some

men looked at each other for some ents in mutual distrust and dislike

moments in mutual distrust and district.
Miriam was the first to speak.

"Did MT. Danvers take you into his confidence?" she asked, still with the sneer that sometimes provoked a deeper resentment than words can do. "It is a little remarkable that both he and his second, abould regard me as a tragic. servants should regard me as a tragic conspirator of the Borgis or De Medici order, without a shadow of grounds for

The constant reference to Mrs. Man-ning as a "servant" was another of her studied points of insult, and as the latter studied points of insult, and as the latter stood with folded arms, still without re-plying, looking at Mr. Danvers, who had recovered his momentary loss of respira-tion, and seemed to be sinking into a more natural sleep than he had yet known, Miriam ventured once more in a tone that, in spite of herself, evinced no small devices of interest.

tone that, in spite of herself, evinced no small degree of interest.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me through what sources you derive your impressions with regard to me?"

"I have some that you do not know of, I reckon. I am not at liberty to disclose," replied Mrs. Manning, coldly.

A vivid flush passed over Miriam's face, and she caught hold of the house-besterf arm with apersons apers class.

"You have then seen that unprincipled fanatic, Nina Da Costa?"
"I did not say so,"
"And you know Caspar Lenox?"
Mrs. Manning was silent for a moment, and when slie spoke it was in a constrained

"Mrs. Danvers, it is entirely useless "Mrs. Danvers, it is entirely useless to prolong this interview. Your imagination is vivid, I see. You will be forced to indulge it. I have nothing to tell you." She had taken her seat at the bedside, with one hand upon the sick man's pulse. "He seems to be quieter in defiance of my chloroform," said Miriam, rising; "so it was not had for him, after all. How long will you remain here?" "Until some member of the family or known friend takes my place."

known friend takes my place."
"Bugene will look in early," returned
Miriam, proudly ignoring the "Bugene will look in early," returned Miriam, proudly ignoring the other's emphasia, "and since you will kindly take my post, i, tox, will retire, as I have not alept. I hope you will have time to reflect and see your unnatural auspicions in their truly ridiculous aspect by the light of day. Good night." And Miriam paased, still with haughrily erset head, to her own room, where Eugene lay peacefully skeeping.
"That was a narrow escape," she murnured, "but I am sure I managed it cleverly. She will hardly dare breathe her auspicious; but, in the meantime, this abortive attempt may ruin me, for even I could not dare the effort again."

CHAPTER XXVIII. CHAPTER CACH STILL IN THE ASCENDANT.
Caspar Lenox, Nina and Ceeil had opether defied the whole detective force of the country. The child may have seen chiefly instrumental in this, as but for his ready acquisecence in their acheme they might have been betrayed at any moment; but certain it is, that at the end of six mouths they were further removed from all traces of the boy than they had been at the beginning, not with-standing the treenshous rewards that had incited the vigilance of the police. And, in the meantime, Cecil had been living in obsoure quarters with his "aunt,"

had inclied the vigilance of the police.

And, in the meantime, Cecil had been living in obscure quarters with his "aunt," faring roughly, sleeping on harder beds than he had ever seen, and wandering about with her during the day until his young limbs, unaccustomed to long continued physical exertion, fairly ached with pain; and yet he seemed to prefer the new life to the old. He had occasioned Nina some trouble on the day after they had left the train, by his sudden and unconquerable disgust for feminine attire. It living in obsoure quarters with his "saint," faring roughly, sleeping on harder beds than he had ever seen, and wandering about with her during the day until his young limbs, unaccustomed to long oon tinued physical exertion, fairly ached with pain; and yet he seemed to prefer the new life to the old. He had ocase is signed Nina some trouble on the day after they had left the train, by his sudden was after they had left the train, by his sudden was after they had left the train, by his sudden was after they had left the train, by his sudden was after they had left the train, by his sudden was after they had left the train, by his sudden was after they had catabilahed themselves in a room for the day. "The people all pat me on the day. Well, wearing a dress for a few days will not make a girl of you, and you know Tom Robinson told you how much money your mamma would offer to the police to bring you back; and you are only doing this to fool them."

"I can fool them in my pants as well," he replied, resolutely; "and I mean to have them to-day. I shan't stay shut up all the while; I am going to play with some boys."

In vain did Nina attempt to reason with him. He could not have had the combined respect and fear for any woman that he entertained for Tom Hobinson with him. He could not have had the combined respect and fear for any woman that he entertained for Tom Hobinson with him. He could not have had the combined respect and fear for any woman that he entertained for Tom Hobinson with him. He could not have had the combined respect and fear for any woman that he entertained for Tom Hobinson with him. He could not have had the combined respect to submit.

"I can fool them in my pants as well," he replied, resolutely: "and I mean to go all the while; I am going to leave the work with the had left the cars he would have back his male attire. Nina was half in despair, and al

be watched, and the first thing you know you will be carried back to your mother and her new husband, and I and Tom Robinson will be punished."

Cecil seemed, however, to think she would be sharp enough to get him through, and still obstinately insisted upon his first demand; and accordingly the change was effected in the evening without discovery.

In a few weeks Cecil grew restless again.

wandered about all day, and was frequently in the street until late at night.
One of his favorite resorts was down upon the river's bank, fishing, with a promisenous growd of illiterate and often unprincipled boys, himself seemingly the happiest of the crowd. This was a source of great annoyance and even sorrow to Nina Datiosta, for true to her nature, in defiance of her long nurtured resentment, there were some womanly and even tender emotions still left in her heart; and hitterly as she despised the mother, she found herself, despite her efforts to the contrary, loving this way. efforts to the contrary, loving this way ward child with all the arder of her enthu

cold and wicked heart."

One day, as Ceoil was returning with some of his friends from a day's ramble, proudly bearing a string of diminutive itsh, he noticed a policeman, who had, for some time, been sauntering slowly behind him, and observing him with rather especial attention. When the last of his companions had turned away just before he reached his own home, the man drew nearer, and walking by his side, looked down at the diminutive disciple of Sir Isaac Walton, with a smile.

smile.

Did you catch those fish, my little man?"
"Some of them, Roy Gill gave me

"Some of them, noy one."
"Are you going to eat them?"
"You bet."
"Hut suppose your mother should say they have too many bones?"
"My mother ain't apt to suppose anything about it." Ceell now glanced up, and the man's blue uniform suddenly reminded him that this might be one of the man-traps set for him.
"What is your name, Mr. Fisherman?"

man?"

"James Robinson."

"Well, are you going to cook the fish without letting your mother know it?"

"My mother is—dead!"

The boy had seen a dead person a few days before, and the recollection made him hesitate.

"Ah! you are young to be left without any one to watch over you. Is your father dead, too?"

"Yea."

"Yes."
"With whom do you live?"
"My aunt."

"And your next lets you do as you please, I see. Now how long have you been living with her?"

"Ever so long. I don't know."

Nothing could have been more natural than the boy's tone and manner. The man looked down at him with puzzled interest.

interest. •
"Did you ever know a little boy named Cecil ?" he saked, suddenly — "Cecil

Dupre ?"
"No," answered alias James Robin-

Cecil was in transports of joy at the idea that his new life was about to begin. And, in truth, Lenox taking him to a distant State, gratified the darling wish of this aspiring young gentleman's heart, by placing him, for the present, with additional instructions, in the hands of the chief of a circus company, where we must take leave of him for the present.

The ME CONTINUED. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOLDSMITH MAID

The recent remarkable performances of this extraordinary animal have created so much excitement, that we think the following particulars regarding her early career, taken from a contemporary, will prove of interest to many of our readers: The Maid was a wayward child. From the date of her birth on the farm of John B. Decker, in Wantage township, Sussex county, New York, in the spring of 1857, to the age of six years she distinguished. through, and still obstinately insisted upon his first demand; and accordingly the change was effected in the evening without discovery.

In a few weeks Cecil grew rustless again.

"When is Tom Robinson coming?"

"As soon as he can get away. He fears to bring suspicion on you too soon."

"But I sm tired of you," said Cecil; "and I want him."

"A day or solater Nina received a letter, which she real to him.

"Cecil must be both patient and cautious," he said, "and he would come for him as speedily as possible, to begin their tour of adventures. At present he was occupied every moment, and couls not leave. He must recoilect that their work was a difficult one, and would require time; and that no one ever yet deserved success, who was not willing both to work and wait for it."

Cecil's great admiration for the author influenced him to follow his advice as nearly as he could for a while longer, but his maturally rostless and imperious temperament soon developed itself again. And in spite of Nima's protests, the owy wandered about all day, and was frequently in the street until late at night. One of his favorite resorts was down. to run with her, so that finally none but the uninformed from a distance could be found to bet against her. These races were made up at the country stores and lounging-places in the evening after farm was over, and the race run the night after the "old man" had No training, no grooms gone to bed. No training, no grooms, no jockeys, no weight for age—just a man or a boy in his bare feet, mounted bare back, with his toes hugging the mare's belly like a leech, was the style; and the Maid no doubt enjoyed it more than she has some of her late races in the trotting

A vivid flush passed over Miriam's face, and she caught hold of the house-keeper's arm with a nervous angry clasp. "You must be in league with the demons who have stolen my child,"
"I am in league with no one who perpetrates unlawful or cruel deeds, "rephed Maude, with severe pride. "Heaven is my witness that I could never have abetted such an act. But why do I condescend to deny. My reputation has never been tainted with the imputation of a crime."

There was the proud consciousness of virtue in word and look, and Miriam, hardened woman of the world that she was, bowed tot in involuntary admiriation. "But," she said, eagerly, unwilling to trained woman of the world that she was ally centending emotions of tenderness and harted, until her life grew to be one preparation of her regard, and, indeed, usually rewarded it with expressions of contempt, and even unqualified to find the world was been broached, "you will not deny that you know something of my enemies."

"I would scarcely know how to reply to that," returned Maude. "Whether you have ever given just cause to any one to inflict punishment like that upon you is a thing which you alone could decide."

"You have then seen that unprincipled fanatic, Nina Da Costa ?"

"I did not say so."

"And you know Cappar Lenex?"

Mand no doubt enjoyed it more than she has some of her late races in the trotting state temperament—an ardor of her enhanced the temperament—an artor of her enhanced if the amount of her had none were out buying horses for the arm, and stopped all might at Mr. Decker's, and the morning bought the Maid on him for \$260, and started for home, leaving the mare out buying horses for the arm, and tone buying horses for the arm, and the morning bought the Maid on the memory of Louis Dupor. Her thirst for vengeance on the mother grew even greater in proportion as her leve for the child phin for \$260, and started for home her word that the remove of the child phin for \$260, and started for home her were greater in proportion as her leve for the child phin stead of trotting, so hard to bring to trot after breaking from that gait, that Mr. Goldsmith many times determined to give up the training and sell her at price, but his patient driver maintained his abiding faith in her, and assured his employer that she was the fastest animal on his premises, and would come out at last a great trotter, and finally persuaded last a great trotter, and finally persuaded him to keep her, which he did until this driver so brought out her points that Mr. Goldsmith in November, 1868, sold her to R. Jackman and Budd Doble for \$20,000. These gentlemen sold her to Mr. H. N. Smith for the sum of \$37,000, She made her first appearance in public in Append 1865.

in August, 1865. BEAUTY OR BRAINS.—If it were optional with all women to be intelligent or beautiful, but forbidden to them to be both, which of two gifts, beauty or brains, would the majority of the sex prefer? This is a delicate question; but if put to the vote we are inclined to think that beauty would carry the day. Men bow down to feminine loveliness; but as a rule they are ant to fight shy of Men bow down to feminine loveliness; but as a rule they are apt to fight shy of feminine wisdom. Some of them even seem to regard it with jealousy, as an infringement on their prerogative. It is true that several tough old philosophers have inveighed against the influence of beauty, stigmatizing it as a "short-lived tyranny," a "silent fraud," a "mere accident of nature," and the like; but the probability is, that these caustic fellows had made bids for it in vain, and that the acidity of temper they displayed was ascribable to "sour grapes."

We seem others as you would be weighed

WEIGH others as you would be weighed ourselves, and the scales would have a

WHY THUS LONGING !

BY M. T. S.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing For the far off, unattained and dim, White the beautiful, all around thee lying, Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching, All thy restless yearning it would still; Leaf, and flower, and laden hee are preaching. Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fil

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee Thou no ray of pay or light eanst throw; If no silken chord of love hath bound the To some little world through woal or we

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten, No fond voices answer to thine own; If no brother's sorrow thou canet lighten By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's appliances, Not by works that give thee world-renown, Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses. Canet thou win and wear th' immortal crows

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely, Every day a rich reward will give; Thou will find by bearly striving only, And truly loving, thou canet truly live.

A GHOST ON HORSEBACK

Perhaps the most wonderful ghost story we ever heard of is the following, which is told as having actually occurred to the Bev. John Jones, of Holiwell, while riding in North Wales, England,

to the Rev. John Jones, of Holwen, while riding in North Wales, England, on missionary business. We give the narrative in the reverend gentleman's own words:

"When I had performed about half my journey, as I was emerging from a wood situated at the commencement of a long, steep decline, I observed coming towards me a man on foot. By his appearance, judging from the sickle which he carried sheathed in straw over his shoulder, he was doubtless a reaper in search of employment. As he diew near I recognised a man whom I had seen at the door of the village inn of Llanwhellyn, where I had stopped to bait my horse. On our meeting, he touched his hat, and asked me if I could tell him the time of day. I pulled out my watch for the purpose, noticing at the same time the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else, however, occurred to excite any suspicion on the peculiar look which the man cast at its heavy silver case. Nothing else, how-ever, occurred to excite any assistion my part, so wishing him a 'good after-

"When I had ridden about half-way down the hill, I noticed something mov-ing, and in the same direction as myself, on the other side of a large hedge, which ran nearly parallel with the road, and ultimately terminated at a gate through which I had to pass. At first I thought it an animal of some kind or other, but soon discovered, by certain depressions in the hedge, that it was a man running in a steeping position. I continued for in a stooping position. I continued for a short time to watch his progress with some curiosity, but my curiosity soon changed to fear when I recognised the reaper with whom I had conversed a few minutes before, engaged in tearing off the straw band which sheathed his

He hurried until he reached the gate, "He hurried until he reached the gate, and then concealed himself behind the hedge within a few yards of the road. I did not then doubt for a moment but that he had resolved to attack, perhaps murder, me for the sake of my watch and whatever money I might have about me. I looked around in all directions, but not a single human being was to be but not a single human being was to be seen; so, reining in my horse, I asked myself in much ajarm what I could do. Should I turn back? No; my business was of the utmost importance to the cause for which I was journeying, and as long as there existed the faintest possi-bility of getting there I could not think of returning. Should I trust to the speed of my loves, and endeaver to disable the bility of getting there I could not think of returning. Should I trust to the speed of my horse, and endeavor to dash by the man at full speed? No; for the gate through which I had to pass was not open. Could I leave the road and make my way through the fields? I could not, for I was hedged in by rocky banks or high hedges on both sides. The idea of a personal encounter could not be entertained for a moment, for what chance could I, weak and unarmed, have against a powerful man with a dangerous weapon in his hand? What course then should I pursue? I could not tell, and at length, in despair rather than in a spirit of hum-I pursue? I could not tell, and at length, in despair rather than in a spirit of humble trust and confidence, I bowed my head and offered up a silent prayer. This had a soothing effect upon my mind, so that, refreshed and invigorated, I proceeded anew to consider the difficulties of my position. At this juncture my horse, growing impatient at the delay, started off: I clutched the reins, which I had let fall on his neck, for the purpose of checking him, when, happening to turn my eyes, I saw to my utter astonishment that I was no longer alone. There by my side I beheld a horseman in a dark dress, mounted on a white steed. In intense amazement I gazed upon him; where could he have come from? He where could be have come from? He appeared as suddenly as if he had sprung from the earth. He must have been riding behind and have overtaken me. And yet I had not heard the slightest sound; it was mysterious, inexplicable. But the joy of being released from my perilous position soon overcame my feel-ings of wonder, and I began at once to

seemed paying but slight attention to my words, but continued intently gazing in the direction of the gate, now about a quarter of a mile ahead. I followed his concealment and cut across a field to our left, resheathing his sickle as he hurried along. He had evidently seen that I was no longer alone, and had relinquished his intended attempt. All cause for alarm being gone I once more sought to enter into conversation with my deliverer, but again without the slightest success. Not a word did he deign to give me in reply. I continued talking, however, as we rode on our way towards the gate, though I confess feeling both only once did I hear his voice. Having watched the figure of the reaper disappear over the brow of a neighboring him my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for a moment be doubted that my prayer was heard, and that you were sent for my deliverance by the Lord? Then it was that I thought I heard the single word, 'Amen.' Not another word did he give utterance to, though I trimed to open, and having done so with my stick, I waited at the side of the rome approaching the gate, which I has tened to open, and having done so with my stick, I waited at the side of the rome of the inhabitants of Villenoxe, admontant of turned to pass through; but he came not; I turned my bend to look—the my sterious

horseman was gone! I was dumbfounded; I looked back in the direction from which we had just been riding, but though I could command a view of the road for a considerable distance, he was not to be seen. He had disappeared as mysteri-onaly as he had come."

O'CONNELL AND THE BANK (Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor Saturday Events Poor, Philada.)

In the town of L——, a run was being made, on one occasion, for gold, by the peasantry of the neighboring counties, and crowds of olamorous applicants were seen pushing and fighting at the doors of all the banks in the place. The —— Bank, however (which afterwards proved itself to be as solvent as any establishment in Ireland.) enjoyed at that time the least confidence, and was, of course, the more set upon.

At the bank door, the Babel of mixed Irish and English was terrific. Men and men, and men and women tugged and struggled together for precedence, amid such exclamations as, "There, you have toru the coat off my back and making as much fuss about your dirty thirty-shiling note, as if it were a pack-load of ten pounders you had."

"Array we'll all be served." cried out

ling note, as if it were a pack-hoad of ten pounders you had."

"Arrah, ye'll all be served," cried out a droll fellow on the verge of the crowd.
"Here's the Counsellor coming, and a bag of gold on his back."

All looked in the direction the last speaker pointed to, and there, sure enough, could be seen approaching the burly figure of O'Connell, who was one of the directors of the bank, and had just arrived from Dublin. He had not extracted from Dubling from Du arrived from Dublin. He had not exactly a bag on his back, but he carried a parcel in his hand.

parcel in his hand.
"Let me pass, my good friends," said
he, "and you shall be served." And he
pushed shoulder foremost through the
crowd, who made way for him, and gave
three cheers for the "Counsellor" as he

passed.

The Liberator, as he was called, might have been twenty minutes in the bank, when a burrah was raised from those who when a burrah was raised from those who stood nearest the bank door. "Didn't I tell you," cried a fellow, crushing his way out and blowing with his breath to cool five hot sovereigns which he held with difficulty in his band; "Didn't I tell you the Counsellor would settle it? There they are at it, hard and fast, as tallow chandlers on a melting day, making sovereigns like winky, and they're shoveling them out upon the counter as hot as boiled praties from a pot."
"Glory to you, Dan!" shouted out the crowd, who now really believed that the Counsellor was making sovereigns in the

crown, who now really believed that the Counsellor was making sovereigns in the back parlor to meet the run. "What's the use of crushing; you can't break a bank when they're melting out money like that."

Sure enough, the clerks were ladling

Sure enough, the clerks were ladling out burning hot sovereigns from copper scoops to the people, who crowded to the counter, and who, snapping and blowing their fingers, were picking up the coins as you might foasted chestnuts.

They say that the ruse was not a new one, and that O'Connell only revived it in the case of the —— Bank; but it was not the less meritorious and successful on that account. The clerks were really engaged in the back parlor heating the sovereigns on fire shovels over a large fire, and rushing out with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw them

sovereigns on fire shovels over a large fire, and rushing out with red faces and in a furious hurry, they threw them "hot, all hot," to the cashiers, who counted them out with iron curling tongs to the customers, who believed that the work of coining was going on over innumerable crucibies in the back parlor.

The plan had a double advantage—it inspired confidence, and made be process of money-taking so slow on the part of the public, who were perpetually burning their fingers, that the bank, with a very limited supply, was able to meet a demand which, under the circumstances, was necessarily slow. The clerks could serve the people as fast as the people could count the hot sovereigns.

The ruse which had almost instantaneous effect in allaying alarm, O'Connell maintained was perfectly justifiable. From ignorance, a panic, which might have proved fatal to the bank, arose, and ue thought he had a right to allay it by playing on this same popular ignorance. A bank that could serve sovereigns at will from an oven could never, of course, want gold in the imagination of a simple people.

CRIMINAL ANIMALS.

CRIMINAL ANIMALS.

means a singular example of the eccen means a singular example of the eccentricities of ancient legislation, at least in France. For instance, on the 4th of June, 1094, a pig was hanged from a gibbet near Laon for devouring the babe of one Jehan Lenfant, a cowherd. Again, on the 10th of Jaduary, 1457, a sow and her six sucklings were charged with murder and homicide on the person of one Jehan Martin of Saviery, when the ings of wonder, and I began at once to address my companion.

"I asked him if he had seen any one, and then described to him what had taken place and how relieved I felt by his sudden appearance, which now removed all cause of fear. He made no reply, and on looking at his face he seemed paying but slight attention to my words, but continued intently gazing in the direction of the gate, now about a quarter of a mile ahead. I followed his attough covered with blood, they were restored to their owner on condition that he should give bail for their appearance should further evidence be forthcoming to prove their complicity in their mother's crime. That individual, however, declined to become in any way answerable for the conduct of such ill-bred animals, which were thereupon declared forfeits.

ENIONAL

I wear all sorts of colors; sometimes I'm sweet, and sometimes sour; I oft save life, yet life at sea is always in my power; I take my place at table, if of peasant or

of queen,
No oot, or palace, town, or street, without me e'er is seen;
I've strength to throw down houses, up-

root the strongest trees,
Yet without my aid, I'm certain, a fountain could not please;
I'm hot, I'm cold, I'm rapid, lingering slow, But without me no railway train for half

a mile could go; I am so small, that e'en a babe may hold

To see me, you must shut your eyes;
To like me, you must all despise;
To want me, you must be well blessed;
To have me, you must be distrest;
To feel me, you must beare your back;
To wear me, you must be a dunce,
And ought to go to school at once;
Now if you cannot tell my name,
You'll make out of me what I am.

JONETH CARPENTER.

JOSEPH CARPENTER.

8. My uses are various, and various my hue; I'm black, and I'm red, I'm violet, blue; By lover and author alike I am bought; From India, and China, I sometimes am

brought,

Now give me but a sheet, and a cover for
clothes,

And secrets of moment to you I'll dis-

To the uttermost parts of the kingdom I'll fly, To cause some a laugh, but many a sigh.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

In every suit I ever saw,
These two were always in it;
What fools they were to go to law,
For often neither win it.

The lawyer thus defends his cause, And cleverly he quotes the laws.

What folly thus to go to war, You've little chance before the bar. The hermit thus keeps from his kind, False friends thus stand in need, you'll

A wrangler to argue demands, On this he joins, and falls or sta

I do declaim, I shake the head, Flatly deny whatever's said. An ancient book, which Rabbis use, To show the laws unto the Jews.

The smallest part I specify, An atom scarce so small as I.

 For ladies' use on summer's day, I winnow all the chaff away. 9. In truth this is reality, As sure as fate a verity.

R. F. CHARADE.

My first, with egg, to breakfast, the cockney thinks is sense,
But it really is a little word that forms

But it really is a little word that forms
the passive tense;
My second is a vowel, sure, though
neither a nor o;
My third and last an adjective, expressing power, you know;
And my whole will ask a question, when
divided into three,
To which the same, read backwards, the
answer ought to be.

ANAGRAMS

Help grate, Stew no hate.
 Seem in agent, Go green shoe spent.

3. Renn prigs spit,
Ox can mail wit.
W. H. Wood.

The following concerning the physical and spiritual penalties which the law visited formerly upon four-footed malefactors will, we are sure, be new to many of our readers:

"The condemnation of a bull to the gallows for the crime of murder is by no means a singular example of the eccenters."

W. H. Wood.

FLORAL ANAGRAMS.

1. I mob uncle. 2. Lo, hire poet. 8. Few run, Sol. 4. Thy chain. 5. I'm an actor. 6. 0, wide nob. 7. 0, a clean laic. 8. A nut-pie. 9. I race rain.

JOHRY XAVIER.

SQUARE WORDS.

To peruse. The margin. A disorder. An act.
 Suffrage. A man's name. To care

2. Suffrage. A man's name. To care for. Scraps.
3. Loving. Above. A Roman emperor. To fall.
4. Covering. Early. Refined air. Animals. A town in Portugal.
5. Beyond. A town in Spain. Large vegetables. A steward. Available property for the payment of debts.
VICTORIA.

[Answers to the above will be given Answers to "Our Own Sphinz." He. 13, Vol. 54.

VICTORIA.

Achostic.—1, Jefferson. 2, Euterpe. Socrates. 4, Urania. 5, Semiramis. Walter Scott. 7, Epaminondas. 8, atrick. 9, Thermopylrae. My whole: Jeans went." Jesus wept.

GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.—1. Amsterdam. 2. Baltimore. 3. Cape Horn.
4. Boston. 5. Canton. 6. Rome. 7.
Barbadoes. 8. Bermudas. 9. Chagres.
10. Bombay. 11. Lima. 12. Peru.

FLORAL REBUS.—Heliotrope (Haw-horn, Elder, Laurustinus, Iris, Olean-er, Tuberose, Rue, Olive, Primrose, segning), Edunting thorn, Elder, Laurus der, Tuberose, Rue, (evening) Eglantine).

ENIGNATICAL LOVE-LETTER. - Lily, Olive, Violet, Eglantine-LOVE.

ENIGMA.-A dyer. CHARADE. - Par-rot.

ANAGRAMS.—1. Demonstration. 3.
Transportation. 3. Unchangeableness.
4. Measurement. 5. Procrastination.
6. Excommunication. DIAMOND PUZZLE .-



WELL "POSTED."-The telegraph. THE EARLIEST SQUATTERS. - Kan-

THE PARE OF DUTY .- Through the oustom House.

A Wherkan paper announces the eath of a lady celebrated for the purity of her character and complex-

on."
GRADUATING in a fashionable seminary
of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Mary E. Turser entitled her composition: "The Imnoral Influence of Bad Bread!"

In was a Chicago lady who sent an order to Rome to a selebrated sculptor for "one marble figger of Apoller in his close, to cost not more nor \$1,000."

"THERM is one kind o' ship I always steer clear of," said an old bachelor seacaptain; "and that's courtable, 'cause on that ship there's always two mates and no captain."

HARRY, after looking on while his new baby sister cried at being washed and dressed, turned away, saying. "If she screamed like that up in heaven, I don't wouder that they sent her off?"

FEMALE POLITICS.—A young lady hearing it stated that government, in this country, would in future be carried on without parties, said, "Oh, dear! I hope not.. If it comes to that, I hope papa will take us to live on the continent."

WHEN a Western editor is in a hurry, he doesn't waste words by saying "It rained." He simply writes: "After many days of arid desiccation, the vapory captains marshaled their thundering hosts, and poured out upon soorching humanity and the thoroughly incinerated vegetation a few inches of aqua plu-

CARRY'S "LITTLE WAY."—Illustrative of the "little ways" of some of the London cabmen, an English paper relates that a well-known essayist, on arriving one day at Victoria Station, asked to be driven to St. James' street. Cabby mistook him for a foreigner, and drove him this way and that—round by Sloane street, up by Park lane, and again round by Holborn, Chancery lane, the Strand, and Pall-Mall. "What a funny dog you are!" said the passenger to cabby, on getting out, as he handed him a shilling. The credit is awarded to cabby of having seen the joke, and grinned at his own expense.

A QUARBE'S ADVICE TO MONEY-HUN-

A QUARBR'S ADVICE TO MONEY-HUN-TERS.—A prudent and well-disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice: "John," said he, "I hear thou art going to be married." "Yes," replied John, "I am." "Well," replied John, "I am." "Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth fifty shillings, and she was worth sixty-two; and, whenever any difference has occur-red between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings."

thrown up the odd shillings."

Degrees of Recovery.—A good story is told of Bouvart, a celebrated French physician. On entering one morning the chamber of a marquis, whom he had attended through a very dangerous illness, he was accosted by his noble patient in the following terms:

"Good day to you, Mr. Bouvart; I feel quite in spirits; I think my fever has left me."

"I am sure it has," replied Bouvart, drily. "The very first expression your lordship used, convinces me of it."
"Pray explain yourself."
"Nothing is easier. In the first days of your illness, when your life was in danger, I was your dearest friend; as you began to get better, I was your good Bouvart, and now I am Mr. Bouvart. Depending no it, you are quite recovered."

I have come to ask you-" "I nave come to ask you—"
"Not here, James; not—now—oh!"
"That is," stammered Smithson, "if
you're not engaged—"
"O! O! water—quick"
"What's that?" inquired her father;

THE TRIUMPE OF MATURE BY A. M. N'M.

"He cannot say i she sighing said,
"He cannot say i am not kind;
It must be that my hue of head
Is not oxactly to his wind;
It must be that my skin's loc that,
My syes of too incepted bette,
And that he done in the first said;
And that he done I've first and tree,
Lant oxy poor defects cupply.
For his dear sake I've sworn to Dyn!"

She did! She coaked her treeses brown in patent fluid, black as jet. To candle straightness smechhed them down And stained herself a deep brunger. Her eyes, with Arna round the fluid. It is not contained a stained properly the stained and recommendation of the stained and recom

This time she aimed at being blonde
As any Saxon dame of old:
She powdered, rouged; her hair, too, donne
The sheen of Agricomus gya;
The sheen of Agricomus gya;
Most dansifing to the raptured sight,
And dressed herself from hat to boots,
Is heavenly blue and angel white.
Yet he with coolness turned aside,
Though twice for him this maid had dyed.

In wild despair she rushed away
And doffed her artificial charms,
And when he came again next day,
He took her fondly to his arms.
With trembling joy and fond reproof
Her tale she told, her grief expressed.
I like thy natural agnet best,
No change so charms my hoart and eys,
And so with thee I'll live and die."

LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.

No. 3 .- HEINBICH, THE GOATHERD.

This legend is centuries old, having been handed down from sire to son, by oral tradition, through many generations. Those of our readers who may have read Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" will doubtless perceive some similarity between Heinrich, the Goatherd, and that deserved its propose story.

between Heinrich, the Goatherd, and that deservedly-popular story.

In the wilds of the Hartz Forest there is a mountain, where the fairies and goblins dance by night, and where they say the great Emperor Frederic Barbarossa still holds his court among the caverns. Now and then this celebrated ruler condescends to show himself to mortals. Sometimes he does this for the purpose of punishing those whom he dislikes; and on other occasions it is for the purpose of giving a rich present to some lucky wight whom he takes into his head to befriend.

This remarkable personage, according

to befriend.

This remarkable personage, according to accounts given of him by chroniclers, is reputed to sit on a throne of marble, with his red beard sweeping the ground; and once or twice in a long course of years he rouses himself for a while from the trance in which he is a long to the transition. the trance in which he is buried, but soon falls again into his former forgetful-

Numerous are the stories related by derman writers of the adventures of be-lated travelers who have wandered over the Hartz Mountains, and strange chances have befallen many who have strayed within the range of the somnolent Em-

within the range of the sommoleut Emperor.

A great many years ago there lived in the village of Ilsenstein, at the foot of the mountain, one Heinrich, a goatherd. Fe was a simple-hearted, honest man enough, who was content with his humble calling. Every morning he drove his flock to feed upon the green spots that are here and there found on the mountain's side; and in the evening he sometimes thought it too far to drive his charge home, so he used, in such cases, to shut it up in a spot amongst the woods, where an old ruined wall was left standing, high enough to form a fold in which he could count his goats, and rest in peace for the night.

Poor Heinrich's habits were simple and innocent enough, yet, notwithstand-

roor Heinrich's habits were simple and innocent enough, yet, notwithstand-ing this, he was destined to be the dupe of fortune, who has been accustomed throughout all time to distribute her favors so indiscriminately and so un-

were driven to their other had, we watched the motions of the truant, whom he observed making towards the cleft in the wall. In the space of a few minutes after this, the animal was missing. Heinrich followed the goat, scrambling, as well as he could, down the side of the rock. He wondered not a little, on overtaking the animal, to find it employing itself, very much at its case, in a cayern eating corn, which kept dropping down from some place above.

"Indeed it is not surprising," said Heinrich, "that the sagacious creature should be so glad to make her escape night after night, since there is any amount of dainty provender for her. By St. Hubert, but this is strange and wonderful! Where can this shower of corn come from?"

"Of ourse not," continued Mr. Brownly; "you're always been our avorite!"

"Ho advancing and taking roog Smith.

"Of ourse not," continued Mr. Brownly; "you're always been our lavorite!"

Then advancing and taking roog Smith.

and improvement companies and improvement co

He gazed furtively around. He knew the mountain and its woody heights; he knew the houses and cottages also, with their little gardens, all of which were in the same places as he had always known them. He heard some children, too, call the village by its own name, as a traveler, that happened to be passing by, asked his way.

that happened to be passing by, asacchis way.

Again he shook his head, and went straight through the village to his own cottage. Alas! it looked sadly out of repair; and in the court-yard lay an unknown child, in a ragged dress, by the side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he thought he ought to know, but who snarled and barked in his face, when the troubled and puzzled Heinrich spoke to him.

Sorrow and misfortune.

Bewark of inquisitive persons; a wonderful curiosity to know all is generally accompanied with as great an itch to tell it again.

A PORT who fails in writing becomes office a morose critic. The weak and inspid white wine makes at length excellent vinegar.

Then advancing and taking poor Smithson's hand, he said:

"Take her—she's a good girl, and loves you to distraction. May you ever be happy as the day is long."

Thereupon, father and mother and children crowded about Smithson and wished him joy, and company coming in at the moment, the affair was told to them as a profound secret. So Smithson got a wife without popping the question, and almost before he knew it himself. But we cannot help thinking he was hurried into matrimony.

Therework of the mystery, which seemed to be altogether beyond elucidation.

"Well," he muttered, "it's something to to say nothing about the to say nothing about the to anybody, but drive the two different an appearance to what it did yesterday?" said he. "It looks as if it had been falling into ruins for years past, and yet my senses do not deceive me. It is most assuredly my home. It is most assuredly my home. Home." He started after he had repeated this word, and pressed his hands against his thobbing temples. He arose the ought to know, but who side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he somed to be altogether beyond elucidation.

A PORT who fails in writing becomes of the broubled and barked in his face, when the troubled and puzzled Heinrich spoke to have the troubled and puzzled Heinrich spoke to have the troubled and puzzled Heinrich spoke to what it did yesterday?" said he. "It looks as if it had been falling into ruins for years past, and yet my senses do not deceive me. It is most assuredly my home. Home." He started after he had repeated this word, and pressed his hands against his thobbing temples. He arose the thought he ought he ought he tought he side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he thought he somed to know, but who start who is the side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he thought he somed in his face, when the side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he thought he side of a rough, toothless dog, whom he tho

welcome home, arter an absence of twenty long years!"

Despondency.—What right has any person, endowed with an ordinary share of intellect, and blessed with a respectable share of good health, to despond? What is the cause of despondency? What is the meaning of it? The cause is a weak mind, and the meaning is sin. Providence never intended that one of his creatures should be the victim of a desire to feel and look the gloom of the thunder-cloud. Never despond, friendly reader, for one of the first entrances of vice to the heart is made through the instrumentality of despondency. Although we cannot expect all our days and hours to be glided by sunshine, we must not, for mere momentary griefs, suppose that they are to be enshrouded in the mists of misery, or clouded by the opacity of sorrow and misfortune.

Bewark of inquisitive persons; a wonderful curiosity to know all is generally accompanied with as great an iten to tell it again.

off straight for home, trumpeting furi-ously.

Not caring to risk a closer acquaint-anceship with our gallant friend unti-sure that he was not only stunned or stupefied, which is sometimes the case, we made a long circuit, and coming up-with the beaters, brought back a party to secure the tiger.

Our precaution was unnecessary; he was quite dead, and a finer fellow Inever-

Our precaution was unnecessary; he was quite dead, and a finer fellow I never saw—measuring ten feet eleven inches, and with a hide like a thoroughbred's.

We returned to our bungalows to discuss pale ale and sandwich, of course, and to smoke a pipe in honor of our safe return, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, and thanking God for having spared our lives in se dangerous an encounter.

that is occupied with other's welfare. Constant melancholy is rebellion.

Some men are like pyramids, which are very broad where they souch the ground, but grow narrower as they reach the sky.

ALTER POST.

ACTION AND WITH A TIDES

**A



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(D), Philadelphia, Pa.



the large open sleeve.

Mis. J. H. B.—You will find an answer to your question concerning the with the back full, and held in place at the waist by a band of the same bound with braid, and square tabe. A gathered hood, silk lined, and square tabe. A gathered hood, silk lined, and completed with a fanciful buckle and square tabe. A gathered hood, silk lined, and completed with a beauty silk cord and tassels, was attached, but could be removed at will. The sleeves were the ordinary coat sleeves, cut very loose, and with a deep square cuff, trimmed with three rows of narrow Hercules braid and two vulcanite or smoked pearl buttons. A deep outer pecket was placed at the right side, and buttons to correspond with those upon the sleeve closed the front.

While we are describing a garment appropriate for a little gui or school gill.

While we are described the killed soults which one sees now everywhere.

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While we are describing a garment appropriate for a little grit or shoot gast few sorts which one sees now everywhere. The second sees general for wear, that many fastibles are second to the mannas are becoming the of them, and the standard second the second second to the mannas are becoming the of the second second to the mannas are becoming the of the second second to the mannas are becoming the of the second second to the second second to the second second to the second

same. Above the kilt plaits is a small upright frill. The overdress is quite short in front, rounding off at the sides, and terminating in two straight widths of the silk, put on in two bias plaits and caught up in two light ponfis, or boundings of the back, long at the sides, and trimmed heart, long at the sides, and trimmed with three fiat hias bands of the silk part on half across the width a pleased frill set on half across the width a pleased frill set on half across the width makes the short of the sheets below the elbow. There in the shadowless moonlight, mediation, prayer, are the great may be reprehensible a nervous headache fighting and struggling with some indefinable in memory of him, that I could not shut my eyes for the might, and the more I thought of his baleful stare at me, when, coming in unannounced, he found Eleanor and myself in a playful wrangle over a dilapidated bouquet, the barder I smoked and the heavier my temples throbbed. By-and-by, I mapped out my plans. Getting, Innocently, into conversation with Colonel Humiford, I made a few memory and has a small revers which meets the frill. Crotchet

**Cleves, with deep cuffs, were made for this model; and a long cape, with hood attached, that could be worn at will. It was, like the other, buttoned down into front with polished wooden buttons. The material was purple waterproof. Yet another model was loose and flowing, with double-breasted front and deep cape, beyond half up the middle and caught by two resettes of dark purple at light leaves to make any patterns you desire.

A charming style for young gifts and children was of dark blue waterproof, with the back full, and held in place at the waist by a band of the same bound with braid, and finished with a fancial buckle and square tabs. A gathered

was placed around the cape.

Another model was cut in the form, also, of a long loose sacque, but so slightly gored as to leave sufficient fulness in the back broadths to have it laid four large kill plaits, these plaits were held in place, just at the waist, be a band of the material, bound on either side with braid, and fastening in the model with a vulcanite buckle. Loose steves, with deep cuffs, were made for this model; and a long cape, with hosd attached, that could be weard attached, that could be worm at will it was, the the other, buttoned down the front with pollshed wooded attached, that could be worm at will twas, the the other, buttoned down the front with pollshed wooded attached, that could be worm at will twas, the the other, buttoned down the front with pollshed wooded attached, that could be worm at will twas, the the other, buttoned down the front with pollshed wooded was loose and flow ing, with double breasted front and deep cape, with the state of the state of the plants of the will be a movered under node was concerning the making of your girls for the material, was purple waterproof.

Yet another model was come and the wind and gray with model of the material, bound on either side with a vulcanite buckle. Loose states and the could be worm at will it was, the the other, buttoned down the front with pollshed wooded when the form the front with pollshed wooded with a vulcanite buckle. Loose state of dark purple gray gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon. A broad sailor collar of the purple grow gray in ribbon

the same and which the back site does not have the same and a strong of see in three great bodies, the idlers, the foers and the going to-doers. Of the foers and the going to-doers. Of the feets and the going to-doers. Of the street in mental and physical ability, but the done of the mainting in natural parts, not deficient in mental and physical ability, but the done to-day. They are procrastinators, putters of until to-morrow, or some future time, which they know ought to be done to-day. Their sense of the necessity of action is sufficiently acute, but a sort of waking nightimare broods over their decision, and they defer until by-and-by. They are eternally going to do. The consequence is obvious—they find their duties and difficulties increased by delay, until at length, irritated by the results of their own indecision, they tax fortune and providence for their lack of accomplishment in the world. For that which ought to be done now, there is no absolute by anal-by. The present is the results of their own indecision, they tax which ought to be done now, there is no absolute by anal-by. The present is the considered in the sum of which we are certain; and what ever vision we cast forward, or however we shape our labors of the moment in view of the hereafter, nothing is surely accomplished but what is done. To do, then, is the great duty. Do first that which ought to be done first—do the work of to-day within to-day—do symmething momently, and do good always, and whether we wake with the sum rise, or sleep on with those who know no making, our life account will be "fair and square."

The Luknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the Uknown; thought, meditation, prayer, are the great moderate work of to-day within to-day—do something nonmently, and do good always, and whether we wake with the sum rise, or sleep on with those who know no making, our life account will be "fair and square."

The Luknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the Uknown; thought, meditation, prayer, are the great moderate when the process of the constraints of the moment in satiring



All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. Walkers, Editor and Proprietor Saturates Evening Fost, No. 227 Walbur Street, Philadelphia.

APT This Department will be found an at-tractive leature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Sul-scribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES. A. E. S. (Greenville.)—There are no less than centy three persons of the name you mention the Philadelphia Directory. Which of them you allude to?

than e - Send the engravings to the nearest own to you where there is a booklinder. The est of binding them would depend altegether pen the style in which you wish to have them

TAR B.—We hardly like to advise you what to do without seeing for ourselves, and therefore recommend you to ask any medical man what would be the best thing for you to do under the circumstances.

J. P. J.—An excellent compound, one of the very best we know of, to restore vitality to the roofs of the hair when it is impaired, and the hair said with six of olive oil, to be rubbed into the scale every morning. If you choose, you can seent it with a few drops of perfume.

seent it with a tew drops of perfume.

Lizzia. To dry the grass you speak of ; for pink get some logwood and ammonia, and boil them together in water; for red, logwood and atum; for blue, indigo blue; and all other colors that will dissolve. To keep the grass together, dip it in a weak solution of gum water; or put some gum water in the dye, which will answer the same purpose. You should have consulted your largests. You should have consulted your

is a muscle, and like them, is itself liable to mer-vous tremors. To remove this, all excesses must be left off, and steady, regular habits of life adopted, nourseling dist, early rising, gentle exercise and air. The following mixture, takes three times a day, has been found very sasul, if the palpitation be accompanied with spassodic sensations. A monoitated the ture of valerian, six drachune; camphor mixture, seven drachane. But if you suffer so much as you say you do would advise you to consult some good physi-cian.

Street. Philadeighia.

The This lepartment will be found an attractive leature to all our readers. In addition to important actual our readers are addition to important actually of the propertion of the properties of the propert

husbands, especially if at all inclined to be volatile.

Herebiet.— I wish you would advise me how a young couple, just married, should start out, so as to rise to confortable circumstances." The first point is for the husband to make a confident of the wise. In that way he will seeme here to operation. Women are naturally economical, not withstanding the general outery about remails extravagance. And when a woman's heart is full of wedded love there is hardly any sarrifice which she will not glacily make for the band on best best will not glacily make for the band on best best will not glacily make for the band on best best will not glacily make for the minister on the domestic estate in such a manner as to make the most of the husband's earnings. Industry and sagacity on the part of the husband, combined with economy and prudence on the part of the wife, will slowly but surely lay the foundation of a prosperity which may be not only permanent but beneficent. The first step, however, is a copartnership of absolute trust and confidence between the husband and wife; and the husband must be the one to begin it. In this sense it is an eternal truth which the poet utters in the line:—"As the husband, so the wife is."

Y. C. A.—"Can you give the symbolic means to be sent the sense way believe of these ways the continue of the sent three of these continues of the sent three of these three of the sent three of the sent three of these continues of the sent three of these continues of the sent three of the s

this sense it is an eternal truth which the poet utters in the line:—"As the husband, so the wife is."

Y. C. A.—"Can you give the symbolic meaning of colors?" White was the emblem of light, religious parity, innocence, faith, poy and life. Red, the ruby, signified fire, divine love, heat of the creative power and royalty. White and red roses express love and innocence, or love and wisdom, as in the garland with which the ancients crowned St. Cecilia. In another sense, est significat blood, war, hatred and poundshment. Red and black combaned were the colors of pargatory. Blue, or the supplier, expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, helely. Yellow, or gold, was the symbol of the sun, of the good or gold, was the symbol of the sun, of the good signifies inconstancy, pealousy, decett. Green, as the color of the pain and lauret. Vellow also signifies inconstancy, pealousy, decett. Green, he emerald, is the color of the spring, of hope, particularly hope of immortality and of victory, as the color of the pain and lauret. Violet, the amethyst, signified love and truth, or passion and suffering. Hence it is the color often worn by the martyre. Black expressed the earth, and was appropriate to the Prince of Darkness. White and black together signify purity of life, and mourning or humiliation.

Ptzzikus thus addresses us in verse, which, though he says not altogether original, so very aptly describes the dilemma in which he is placed that he cannot do better in matter-of-fact prose, if he were to try ever so hard:

I am coming to you for advice, sir.

On a subject that makes me feel bad:

And the sconer I know all about it,

Less fikely an I to go mad.

Two madens (I bog you to listen)
Of codal attractions, we'll say,
Are here, as it were, placed before me—
If you can advise, do so, pray.

One has gentle blue eyes, and is pallid, And I'm told she's an excellent hand At making pies, puddings, and so forth In all things domestic she's grand.

In all things domestic she's grand.

The other—how shall I desertbe her?
She's a mixture of all that is gay;
Loves to firt, and is so interesting.
Once with her, you can't get away.

Which I love best, I teil you's the question:
To decide for myself I am loath:
Were it not for the laws of the country.
It believe I would marry them both.
It makes us feel as "bad" as it does you, for ally we cannot help you out of your difficulty, advise you which of the fair madens you ould decide upon.

hould decide upon.

W. W. W. -You will find the following struction in the art of stuffing birds very indeasy to follow: As soon as the bird is kill liftle wood should be hald upon the blees rifice, the feathers laid in order, and the liftle wood in the birds with the hould be to be the state. leader, the elder, without being strictly beautiful, was one of the most striking, beautiful, was one of the most striking, and the control of the country, under similar circumstances, all with the country, under similar circumstances, all women of the civilized races are prize; at least, I magine that there was a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and summating beautiful where the country is a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and subalter of same generally known that a dashing the country is a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and subalter of same generally known that a dashing the country is a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and subalter of same generally known that a dashing the country is a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and subalter of same generally known that a dashing the country is a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and subalter of same generally known that a dashing the country is a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and subalter of same generally known that a dashing the country is a sharp tinge felt under every officer's and the going-to-doers. Of the latter class, what a vast multitude occupy the human hive. Men and women to the first because of such marriage is apt to be physically interest them as you have one the lighter ability and reputation who do not accept this view. We are afraid, however, that this question of marriage can never be regulated to seep and wash out the brain to seep this view. We are afraid the word of the skull, and when you have nisshed the same of the subalt to seep and with direct reference to future generations.

I now the flow whether the bone about its consistency of country, as the total case that they should not internary, as the latter class is a specific of the said seems to us, to the tissue of such that they should not internary, as the same of the basic of the details of the said seems to us, to the size of the bulk as the time to the said seems to us, to the said seems to us, to the dear they should not internary, as the

ounces. Soap. Camphor, five ounces; premised acid, two pounds; subtractionate of potass, twelve ounces; powdered lime, four ounces.

MISCELLANEOUS.—M. N.—A gentleman who would say rude and faise things about a young lady is not a fit companion for her, no matter how many apologies he may make. O. L. F.—You may put him down as a fickle man, who has altered his mind, and you had better at once dismass him from your thoughts. Exactle Any leweled ring will answer for an engagement ring. Mannie.—You can clean or naments of Parian marble with warm water and soap, or with warm milk. Edition—You need for manners of Parian marble with warm water and soap, or with warm milk. Edition—You need so work of the kind. It is Lia.—You need to work of the kind. It is Lia.—You fit is not an engagement ring. Mannied of the work of the kind. It is Lia.—You had not not be acquired artificially. Man Heliadonna is used to brighten the eyes, but we cannot be acquired artificially. Man Heliadonna is used to brighten the eyes, but we cannot recommend that or anything else for the purpose. J. B. H.—We never heard of cream of larian being injerious to the sight, it is used as a purifier of the blood. A. B. C.—There are means of accelerating the growth when you have reached the age of manhood. J. C. L.—The gentleman should ask the lady for her picture first. F. A. C.—We do not answer questions of a private character relating to any of account relations. J. S. B.—In order to obtain a constraint of the parties whom you mention. Constraint of the parties whom you mention. One have some political fastered fare from New York to San Francisco is \$60. J. P. S.—We know nothing of the parties whom you mention. One soult a regular physician for such aliments. H. J. G.—How is it possible for us to say whether of not you are likely to carn a livelihood by teaching music. W. T.—You had better give the young man his deminstal in the most summary manner possible w. A. McC. (Williamsport.)—I. The heat 2. No. 3. Bon't know 4. Yes. 5. No. 6. No. 1. W. Patt. M

We A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.

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